

"Old Glory"



THE FLAG OF OUR COUNTRY



MALTBY



Class CR 113

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THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

After the painting by John Trumbull.

"OLD GLORY" . . .

THE FLAG OF OUR COUNTRY

A Supplementary Reader

CONTAINING PRACTICAL LESSONS IN PATRIOTISM FOR USE IN PUBLIC
OR PRIVATE SCHOOLS

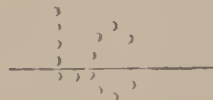
BY ALBERT ELIAS MALTBY, PH. D.

Principal of Slippery Rock State Normal School

FULLY ILLUSTRATED

*"We join ourselves to no party that does not carry the flag and
keep step to the music of the Union."*

—RUFUS CHOATE.



PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR
SLIPPERY ROCK, PA.

1897

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GIFT
AUTHOR
JUN 12 '25



TYPOGRAPHY BY SLIPPERY ROCK SIGNAL

DEDICATED

TO.

MY WIFE

* * * * *

*As some divinely gifted man,
Whose life in low estate began
And on a simple village green;*

*Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star;*

*Who makes by force his merit known,
And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mould a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whisper of a throne;*

*And moving up from high to higher,
Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope
The pillar of a people's hope,
The center of a world's desire.*

THERE LIES THE MOST PERFECT RULER OF MEN THE WORLD
HAS EVER SEEN.—*Edwin M. Stanton at the death-bed of Lincoln.*

PREFACE

The author of these pages has endeavored to supply, in a convenient form for the classroom, such data concerning the history of our flag as he considered most useful to the progressive teacher. During the years in which he has been engaged in teaching, various drawings have been made by him, and, in the following pages, these have been placed at the service of teachers. It is believed that love of country and reverence for our flag should be inculcated in all the work of our schools.

Of course something beside a per cent examination or a diploma is needed to fit a teacher for the kind of work required in teaching patriotism in our public schools. The teacher must feel the sentiment individually, and heart and soul must be in the effort. The beautiful ceremony of the "Salutation of the Flag," educative, inspiring, and uplifting as it most certainly is, should not be confined to the Industrial Schools of New York City. Each child in our public schools needs this daily reminder of his duty and privileges. The study of the national flag *as a thing of beauty* is something that should be undertaken by teachers, so that they will not at least, as we have heard concerning one hypercritical instructor, teach that the colors in our flag are not such as harmonize. Beyond all theory of color must be the greater harmony of relation.

The national flag should be honored at other times than Decoration Day, and Fourth-of-July. A century has been consumed in raising the flag to the top of our schoolhouses. Let us not spend another in introducing this custom of salutation,

but see to it at once that we as individual teachers inaugurate it in our own schoolrooms.

The plans for the making of the flag by paper-folding are included in order that the teachers in the primary grades may be able to avail themselves of this beautiful device.

The plans for cutting the stars, and for folding and cutting some simple designs in regular, geometrical forms will be found useful in the schoolroom. The methods are new, and have stood the test of the classroom. A few simple examples of Fröbel's *forms of beauty* have been added for the teacher's use.

The spirit of a free people must be formed and nourished out of the storehouse of historic recollections. What need to go to Greek or Latin texts for examples of patriotism? On every page of our country's history may be found examples of the noblest sentiment that can animate man in his character as a citizen. The teacher in the public schools should seek at home for the great practical lessons of patriotism. In the characters of our own forefathers there is neither doubt nor mystery, only manly resistance for the sake of conscience and liberty. Let the children commit to memory the sayings of patriots, and learn the national songs. In order to render service in this line of work, many such selections have been added.

Prof. Isaac N. Moore, of the State Normal faculty, has assisted greatly in the revision of the plates.

Acknowledgment is due to Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers of the works of Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, Taylor, and Whittier, for permission to use selections herein given. Our thanks are due to Wallace Bruce whose beautiful poems upon patriotic subjects appear in this volume.

A. E. M.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, SLIPPERY ROCK, PA.

JUNE 29, 1897

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THE HISTORY OF OUR FLAG

, "OLD GLORY"

The American flag, "Old Glory," is to all true lovers of our country the most beautiful emblem of a nation's power. Floating in the breeze, it means more than mere glory to the brave defenders who purchased by blood and treasure, freely given for the country's welfare, that union of states and of hearts which it symbolizes. To the true student of his country's history, its contemplation brings to memory the scenes of strife on land and sea where the grand old flag was ever in the van.

General Sherman once said: "There is more than history in that emblem; it has a symmetry, a beauty, a gentle influence indescribable that is felt when in foreign parts afloat you watch the distant masthead and make out the fluttering stripes of white and red;—or when in the tight pinch of battle, gritting your teeth and waiting for death, that flag comes over the hill to your relief, its stars shining like suns."

Flags have been used by all races and nations. It is probable that as soon as men began to collect together for common purposes some kind of object was used, as the symbol of the common sentiment, as a rallying point of the common force. In military operations, flags became necessary as guides to the ordering of the different bands when on the march or in battle. Besides, it cannot be doubted that flags or their equivalents have often served, by reminding men of past deeds or of past

heroes, to rally to enthusiasm those sentiments of *esprit de corps*, of family pride and honor, of personal devotion, of patriotism, or of religion upon which so much of success in warfare depends.

According to the old rabbinical writers, when the children of Israel marched through the wilderness, banners with figures emblematic of character were carried by the different tribes. Tradition says that the four leading tribes, Reuben, Ephraim, Judah, and Dan, bore as devices respectively, a man, an ox, a lion, and an eagle. Banners, standards, and ensigns are frequently mentioned in the Bible. "Every man of the children of Israel shall pitch by his standard, with the ensign of their father's house." (Num. ii, 2) "We will rejoice in thy salvation, and in the name of our God we will set up our banners." (Ps. xx. 5)

In the time of Cyrus, the Persians adopted for their standard a white flag with a golden eagle displayed. The Greeks bore various symbols. According to Homer, Agamemnon used a purple veil to rally his men. With the Romans the custom was reduced to a system, and every *century*, or at least each *maniple*, had its proper standard and standard-bearers. In the early days of the republic a handful of hay was borne on a pole, whence came the name *Manipulus*. Later, the forms became very diverse. In place of the bundle of hay appeared the figure of an open hand, a wolf, a bear, a horse, or other animal. In the time of Marius a silver eagle, with expanded wings and holding the thunderbolts of Jove in its extended talons, was adopted as the standard of the legion. Of this, the different eagles, white, black, and red, with single or double heads, borne as arms by the countries of modern Europe, are imitations. Of the emperors, Augustus used a globe to symbolize his empire over the world; and Constantine adopted the cross to commemorate his vision. The *labarum* of later emperors was

similar in shape. The *vexillum* was a square piece of cloth fastened to a piece of wood fixed crosswise to the end of a spear. The Roman standards were guarded with religious veneration in the temples at Rome; and the reverence of this people for their ensigns was in proportion to their superiority in all that tends to success in war. It was not unusual for a general to cause the standard to be cast into the ranks of the enemy, to add zeal to the onset of his soldiers by exciting them to recover what to them was the most sacred thing the earth possessed. The Roman soldier swore by his ensign.

The earliest flags proper were probably squares of cloth of

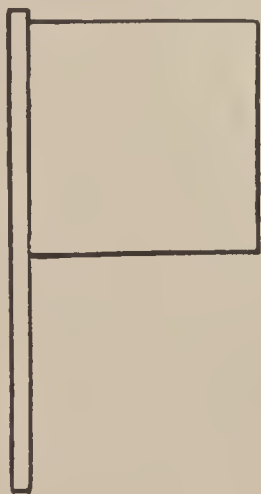


FIG. 1.

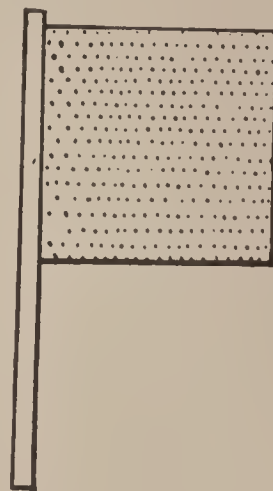


FIG. 2.

a single color, but in modern times flags of a single color have generally a universally accepted meaning. A white flag is a token of peace.—The truce flag at Appomattox was a towel, and not a very clean one. It is now in the possession of Mr. Curtis of Monroe, Mich.—A red flag is a token of defiance, and is carried by anarchists and other revolutionists. The black flag denotes piracy, and is sometimes hoisted to indicate that no quarter will be given. A yellow flag indicates quarantine.

The national flag of Great Britain is the result of the combination of the several ensigns of England, Scotland, and

Ireland. St. George had long been the patron saint of England, and his banner, a red cross upright on a white field, was the national ensign. The patron saint of Scotland was St. Andrew, and his banner was a white cross oblique on a blue field. King James I., on succeeding to the throne of England and thus uniting the two crowns, issued a proclamation that "all subjects of this isle and of the kingdom of Great Britain shall in the main-top of their ships carry the red cross com-

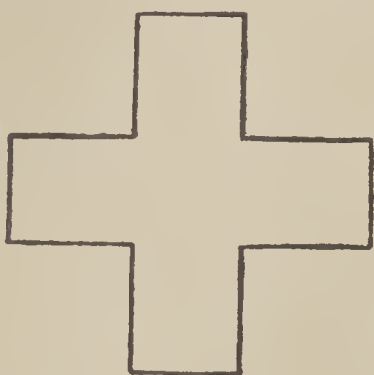


FIG. 3.

monly called St. George's cross and the white cross commonly called St. Andrew's cross, joined together according to the form made by our own heralds." This form was the first *union jack* of England, and was borne as the standard until 1801 when the union with Ireland was recog-

nized. A new ensign was then ordered to be prepared which should combine the oblique red cross of St. Patrick with the other two. The result was the "meteor flag of England," the present *Union Jack*, known throughout the world. Upon a field of white it forms the great national standard of England, flown at the mast-head of all men-of-war. Fields of red are used in the merchant marine, and blue in some other branches of the service.

But the interest of Americans must center in the evolution of our own bright flag. The people of our country believe that they know the national flag when they see it, yet many are certainly unable to distinguish between the standard Stars and Stripes and its imitations. It should be remembered that the flag is not a hap-hazard arrangement of alternate red and white stripes with stars on a blue field, but an emblem made in a certain definite manner prescribed by law and official regulations.

The first flags used by the American colonies were natu-

rally those of the mother country, but the spirit of freedom showed itself in a constant tendency to modify it to express some settled conviction. In 1636, Endicott, the Puritan governor of Massachusetts, cut the cross out of the banner to show his hatred of Romanism, but in 1651 the parliament of the commonwealth revived the old standard of St. George, and the general court ordered it to be used on all necessary occasions. The modifications in use at different times were various. Sometimes the plain red cross was shown upon the white field, sometimes the field was red or blue with the red cross cantoned.

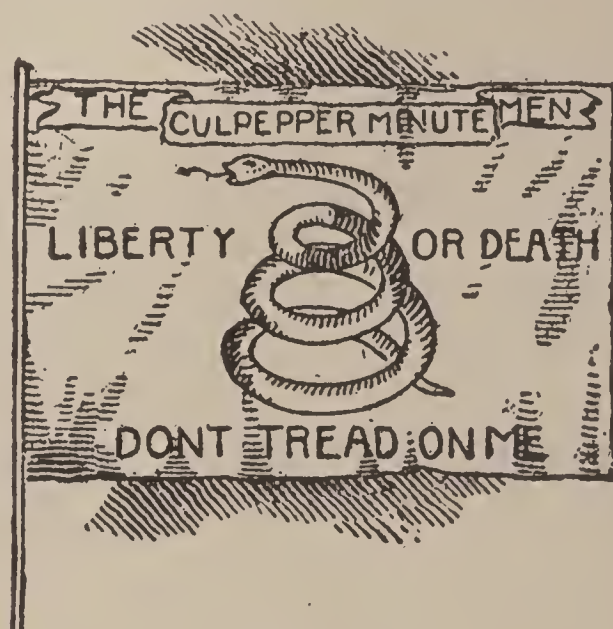


FIG. 4.

Occasionally, a pine tree was placed in the upper canton formed by the cross. When the spirit of liberty began to sweep over the land, the modifications became plainly marked. Mottoes were added indicating the purposes of the men who threw the flags to the breeze. The "union flags" mentioned by the papers of 1774 were English red ensigns bearing the union jack, and mottoes, such as, "Liberty," "Liberty and Union," etc. As the feeling of indignation increased, the famous rattlesnake flag of the Culpepper Minute Men with its mottoes, "Liberty

or Death," and "Don't Tread on Me," might well have served as a warning to the home government not to carry the oppression to the extreme. The first republican flag used in the South was blue with a white crescent in the upper corner, and was raised over the city of Charleston in September, 1775. A white flag, bearing a green pine tree and the motto, "An Appeal to Heaven," was adopted by the provincial congress of Massachusetts, April 29, 1776, as the one to be used by the ships of the colony.

After the devices of the palmetto, the rattlesnake, and the



FIG. 5.

pine tree, the next step in the evolution of the flag was the "Grand Union" flag unfurled at Washington's head-quarters at Cambridge, January 2, 1776. The colors were red, white, and blue, and there were thirteen stripes as in the flag to-day, but the field was not yet spangled with stars. The blue field carried the united crosses of St. George and St. Andrew instead of the white five-pointed stars. This flag was the result of a conference between Dr. Franklin, Mr. Lynch, and Mr. Harrison, who were chosen to select some device. It will be noticed that it consisted of the king's colors, betokening the still recognized

sovereignty of England, but joined with the thirteen stripes, emblematic of the union of the American colonies against British tyranny. (Fig. A)

As to the origin of the stripes in the flag, the theories advanced are very interesting. It has been suggested that they were originally drawn from the flag of the Netherlands. The flag of the Dutch consisted of three horizontal stripes, symbolic of the rise of the republic from the triple union at Utrecht. Another proposition attributes the origin of the stripes to the fact that the Continental army in 1775 was minus uniform of any kind, and the officers of different rank were distinguished by stripes of ribbon. From these may have come the idea of using the same device for representing the united colonies. Possibly the flag was suggested by the striped banner which a body of Philadelphia light-horse bore when they joined the army at Cambridge.

The coat of arms given to one of Washington's ancestors by Henry VIII. of England showed a white shield with red stripes, and this is by some thought to be the origin of the flag. Another plausible theory has also been advanced. The country was stricken with poverty when Washington and his army were encamped at Cambridge. The ports of the colonies were blockaded by the British, and the revolutionists had little more than the bare necessities of life. When Washington needed a distinctive flag for his army, cloth was not to be had in abundance. What could be more natural than for him to take the old British flag, carried at first by the troops in America, and stitch white stripes of cloth across the red field? St. George's and St. Andrew's crosses would be left in the union; but a new and distinctive flag would be made. Whether the flag really did originate in this way is not known, but the theory is a probable one, and the fact is known that just such a flag floated over the

American camp at Cambridge. This is clearly stated on page 227 of Fiske's History of the United States.

Nearly a year after the Declaration of Independence, the first national legislation on the subject was put forth on June 14, 1777. The resolution is here given as adopted :

“Resolved, That the flag of the thirteen united states be thirteen stripes alternate red and white ; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation.”

Merely the resolution is left for us to read ; the record of the interesting debate that must have preceded this measure, and all account of the reasons for its adoption are missing. The escutcheon of Washington contained both stars and stripes, and it is believed that the idea embodied in the resolution originated in admiration for the character of the great commander-in-chief.

There is no good evidence that any flag bearing the union of the stars and stripes had been in public use before the passage of this resolution. Fiske, in his history of the United States, refers to a flag hoisted at Fort Stanwix, August 6, 1777, after a successful sortie and sacking of part of St. Leger's camp. Five British flags captured were hoisted upside down, and above them was raised a rude flag made of scraps of a blue jacket and and a white shirt with some bits of red flannel. Congress had adopted the stars and stripes, and this was the first time the flag was ever hoisted.

Notwithstanding the resolution ordering a national flag was not published by the secretary of congress until September 3, 1777, the newspapers had published it a month earlier, and it is an established fact that the stars and stripes waved over the patriots at Brandywine, September 11, 1777. Henceforth, throughout the revolution, the flag was carried in every battle. It was raised over the ships of the navy soon after its adoption by the army. The ship *Ranger*, Captain Paul Jones command-



JUNE 14,
1777.

Red, White, and Blue

Kindergarten Song for Fourth-of-July

Soldier lad, soldier lad,
Will you tell us true,
Where are you going,
With your Red, White, and Blue?

Children small, children all,
I will answer you:
I go to serve my country,
With the Red, White, and Blue.

Soldier lad, soldier lad,
May we go with you?
We all love our country,
And the Red, White, and Blue.

Tall child, straight child,
I think I will choose you ;
For I know you'll carry safely
The Red, White, and Blue.

—Mary E. Sly.

ing, arrived, floating the new banner, at a French port, about December 1, 1777; and on February 14, 1778, the *Ranger's* colors received the first salute ever paid an American flag by the vessels of a foreign nation.

Uncertainty about the flag is not confined to its first appearance, but extends back to its making. The best evidence seems to show that much of the credit of designing the flag, and all the credit of making it belongs to Mrs. Betsy Ross, who was an upholsterer residing in Arch street, Philadelphia. It is

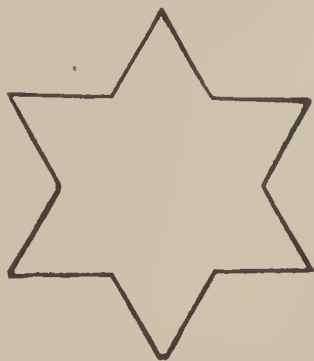


FIG. 6.



FIG. 7.

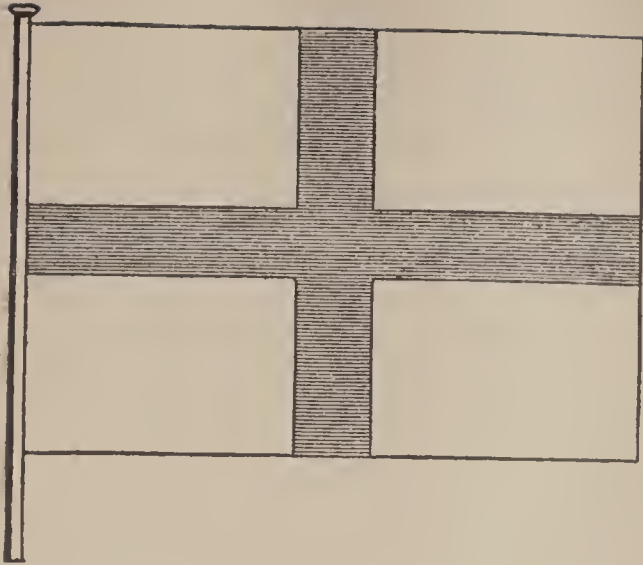
claimed that General Washington and Robert Morris called upon Mrs. Ross in June 1776, and engaged her to make the flag from a crude drawing. She suggested changes in the form of the stars, and, deftly folding a piece of paper, showed the gentlemen how a perfect five-pointed star could be made. Gen. Washington seated himself in her back parlor, and re-drew in pencil the outline of the flag, and she soon finished one from the sketch. The flag thus designed was adopted by congress, and certain dimensions prescribed: "The entire length to be six feet six inches, and the width to be four feet four inches; four red stripes and three white to bind the blue field inclosing the stars; the stripes to extend to the end of the flag." These proportions are still retained, the width being in general two-thirds of the length. The colors in our national banner repre-

sent to us all that is noblest in our country's institutions and history. White usually denotes surrender, but with the stripes it represents purity. Red bids defiance, but is the symbol of valor when placed in "Old Glory." Blue denotes eternal vigilance, and perseverance in right with justice to all. Its colors represent the spirit which could lead Lincoln to say prophetically, "Fellow citizens, if I thought any sacrifice of mine could preserve undimmed every star in that flag, I would be willing to die on this spot."

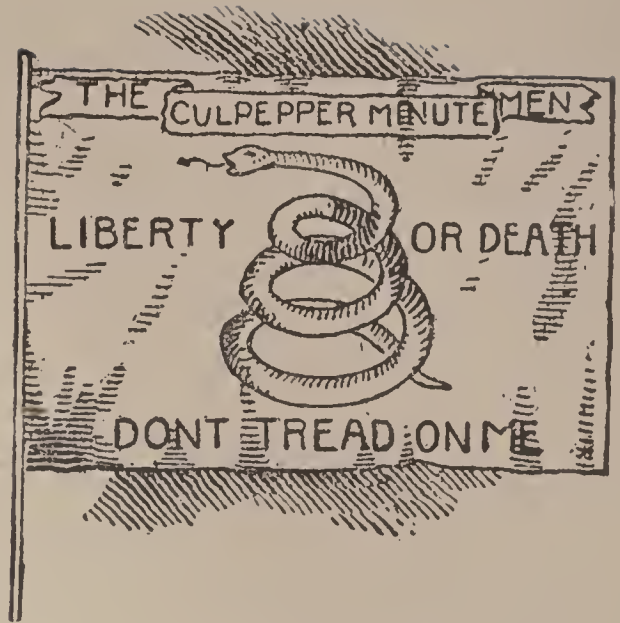
When Vermont was admitted to the sisterhood of the states in 1791, followed by Kentucky in 1792, it became necessary in the opinion of statesmen to change the number of stripes and stars. Accordingly it was resolved, January 13, 1794, on motion of Senator Bradley of Vermont:

"That on and after the first day of May 1795, the flag of the United States be fifteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be fifteen stars, white in a blue field." This was the flag used during the war of 1812. (FIG. C)

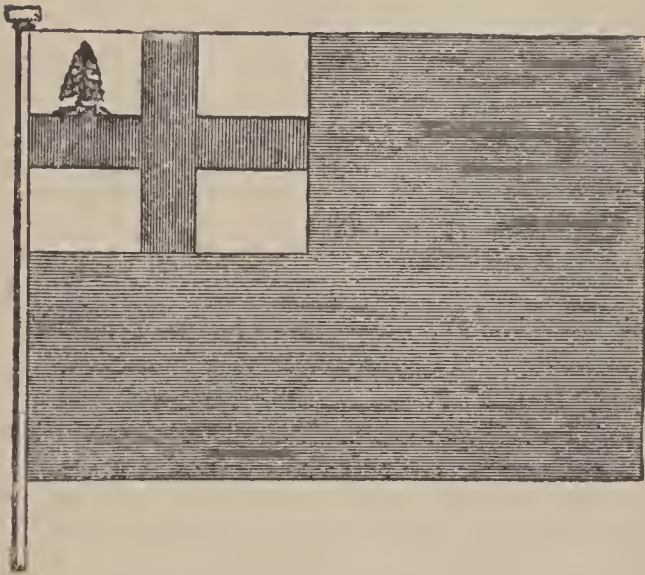
During the war of 1812-15, while the British fleet lay in Chesapeake Bay, Francis Scott Key being anxious to release a civilian friend who had been captured by the enemy, went out from Baltimore in a small boat under a flag of truce. Lord Cockburn, however, being ready to commence his attack upon Fort McHenry, retained both men, and Mr. Key's little boat was moored to the commander's vessel during the entire bombardment which was begun on the morning of the 13th of September, 1814, and continued for twenty-four hours. On the morning of the 14th the prisoners watched "by the dawn's early light" to see if the star-spangled banner were still waving over the fort. Filled with rapture at the sight of the dear old flag still so "gallantly streaming" over the ramparts, the poet snatched an old letter from his pocket, and laying it upon a barrel-head, wrote the glorious old song now known as the "*Star-*



ST. GEORGE'S CROSS



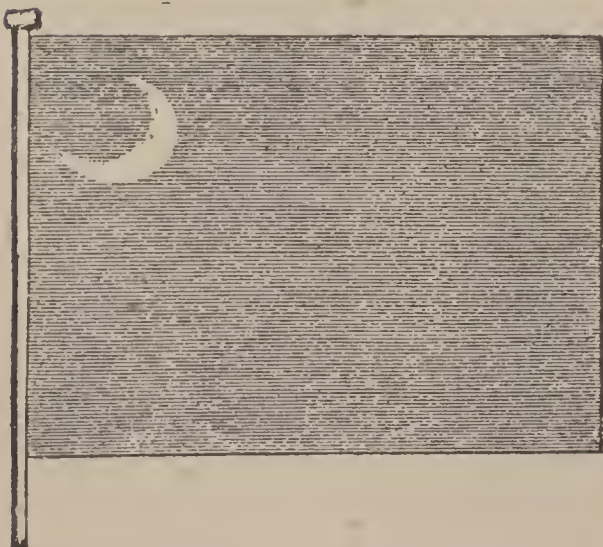
CULPEPPER FLAG



BUNKER HILL FLAG (Blue)



PINE TREE FLAG (White Field)



FT. MOULTRIE FLAG (Blue)



PALMETTO FLAG

Spangled Banner," but then called "The Defense of Fort Mc-Henry." At an assembly in Baltimore the words were sung to an old tune, then called "Adams and Liberty," and the air and words were so well suited to each other that both have become immortal.

The Star-Spangled Banner

Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming;
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines in the stream.
'Tis the star-spangled banner! Oh, long may it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
And where are the foes who so vauntingly swore
That the havoc of war and the battle's confusion
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave.
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!
Oh, thus be it ever, when freemen shall stand
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may the heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

The particular flag so proudly floating in air was one that Gen. George Armistead, the brave defender of the fort, had put in place of an old one sadly torn. The new flag was made with fifteen stripes. By permission of the government the hero was allowed to retain the flag, and after his death it became the property of his daughter. It was exhibited in 1880 at the celebration in Baltimore, and is now in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society. The author of the poem died in Washington, D. C., January 11, 1843.

The admission of other new states made further changes seem advisable. Tennessee was admitted in 1796, a fact that is shown in the *sixteen* stripes of the revenue flag adopted in 1799. Ohio was admitted to the union in 1802, and Louisiana in 1812. The admission of Indiana in 1816 caused Peter Wendover of New York to offer a resolution that a committee be appointed to inquire into the expediency of altering the flags of the United States. Indiana is thus to be thanked for the present form of the flag; for the discussion that followed the appointment of this committee led to the establishment of the original thirteen stripes to symbolize the parent colonies, and a union field of stars each to symbolize a state.

Captain Samuel C. Reid, who gained fame as the defender of the privateer *General Armstrong*, was asked to suggest the changes which should be made in the national emblem; something that would represent the growth of states and, at the same time, not destroy the distinctive character of the flag. The congressional committee seemed disposed to increase both stars and stripes to twenty,—since Mississippi had been admitted in 1817,—but Captain Reid recommended that the stripes be reduced again to thirteen to represent the original states, and that the stars be increased to twenty and arranged to form a large star to symbolize the union of the states. In accordance with the main

suggestion of Captain Reid a new law was passed, and on April 4, 1818, the flag of the United States of America was permanently established. The act provided :

“That from and after the fourth day of July next, the flag of the United States be thirteen horizontal stripes, alternate red and white ; that the union have twenty stars, white in a blue field.”

“That on the admission of every new state into the Union, one star be added to the union of the flag, and that such addition shall take effect on the Fourth of July next succeeding such admission.”

The return to the thirteen stripes of the flag of 1777 was due to several causes as shown in the debate in Congress. These were evidently,

1. Reverence for the flag of the revolution.
2. Increase in number of stripes would either make the width out of proportion to the length, or
3. Make the stripes so narrow that they could not be distinctly seen at a distance.

A newspaper of the time said, “By this regulation the thirteen stripes will represent the number of states whose valor and resources originally effected American independence, and additional stars will mark the increase of the states since the present Constitution.” (Fig. D)

The national flag during the war with Mexico bore twenty-nine stars in its union ; but the flag of the Civil War had thirty-four stars. Two states were added during the conflict, West Virginia in 1863, and Nevada in 1864, but the regiments retained the old flags which they carried in the first battles.

Until lately no provision has ever been made in regard to the arrangement of the stars, since the placing of them in the form of a large star passed out of practice. Some confusion exists in regard to the arrangement of the stars, and on any great public occasion one may see a variety of American flags. The

flag of 1777 had the stars in a circle, and an early custom was to insert the stars in parallel rows across the field of blue. This custom has always been followed in the navy, since President Monroe's order of 1818 directing such arrangement. In the army, the stars have always been arranged in parallel horizontal rows, although not in vertical rows. The arrangement of stars in the navy flags has in reality been less artistic than in the army flags, but hereafter there will be no difference between the flags used in the navy and in the army. The diagram shows



FIG. 8.

the present arrangement in the quincuncial order,—like the five spots on a domino,—so that those in each horizontal row are opposite the center of the interval between the adjoining two in the right hand and left hand vertical rows. Thus parallel lines appear from every point of view. This was the arrangement of the lines of pits mentioned in Book VII. of Cæsar's Commentaries. (Fig. 8) In one of the early flags, the thirteen stars were set in quincuncial order,—three stars each in the first, third, and fifth rows, and two each in the second and fourth rows.

The following official order has been issued by the War Department directing how the stars in the field of the national flag shall be arranged after July 4, 1896. The order and the placing of the stars in the union will be as follows :

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, MARCH 17, 1896.—The field or union of the national flag in use in the army will on and after July 4, 1896, consist of forty-five stars, in six rows, the first, third, and fifth rows to have eight stars, and the second, fourth, and sixth rows seven stars each, in a blue field, arranged as shown. (Fig. 8)

DANIEL S. LAMONT, Secretary of War.

By command of MAJ. GEN. MILES :

GEORGE D. RUGGLES, Adjutant General.

For about ninety years our flags were made from bunting imported from England, and so we did not have a real American flag in the broadest sense until a large one, made at Lowell, Mass., was presented to the senate by General Butler. This was raised over the senate wing of the Capitol. Another of the first truly American flags was flung to the breezes of the continental divide, 1868, when the last spike was driven into the rails of the Union Pacific Railroad. The government specification for the bunting used in the regulation flags is that it shall consist of thirty-four threads of filling to each square inch, with the thread in the warp two-ply and the filling one ply, well twisted. All flags shall be turned up at the bottom one thickness, and made with three rows of stitching. The corners of the flag shall be doubled.

The flag now flies over every government building in our country. To the teacher belongs the sacred duty of encouraging the officers of every school, public or private, to unfurl the flag of our nation with the motto, "One country, one language, and one flag." (Fig. E)

The Washington Star says that visitors to the nation's capital often wonder what becomes of the flags which fly session after session over the two houses of Congress. The life of a flag, exposed at such a height to the tattering winds, naturally cannot be long. Now and then after a storm a great rent is seen in "Old Glory," as it proclaims from the housetop that our

statesmen are deliberating. Sometimes the edges only are frayed ; again a stripe is gone, or, perhaps half the stars may be torn away. Then, in a day or two, it flies again with all its stripes and stars, as if it had never suffered from the beating storm.

I asked what became of the old flags.

Nobody knew.

“But what do you do with them?”

“Nothing.”

“They are the same flags,—that is, there are no new ones,—the old flags are simply mended.”

There is a patriotic poem in this simple fact. “Old Glory” has a perpetual life,—at least this one that presides over the Capitol. When a stripe is blown away, a new one is put in its place and the same old flag is pulled to the head. If it is the blue field and stars that are gone, they are reproduced ; if only a rent, it is darned ; if a hole, it is patched. Then another stripe goes and a new one is added. So, on and on, the old portions are torn away by the storm, the newer parts remaining until the new becomes the old in turn and is torn away. In endless evolution the old flag lives on. It is always the same flag, but from year to year its entire texture is changed. No one can tell when the flag that floats over the senate chamber was bought. It is still a perfect flag, but no part of what was first drawn to the mast-head is now in existence.

The flags flying over the army camps and forts are now made of American bunting. The sizes, while prescribed by statute law, are fixed by regulations of the departments of war and the navy, based upon beauty, utility, convenience, and the needs of the service. There are three different sizes. The storm and recruiting flags measure eight feet long and four feet two inches wide ; the post flag is twenty feet long and ten feet

wide. The union is one-third the length of the flag, and extends to the lower edge of the fourth red stripe from the top.

The colors carried by infantry and artillery regiments are of silk, six feet six inches long, by six feet wide, and are mounted on staffs. The field is thirty-one inches long, and extends to the lower edge of the fourth red stripe.

At the grand parade of the veterans in Washington in 1892, a most delightful feature was the flag arrangement of boys and girls at the foot of the broad avenue, where the men turned toward the White House. On a platform with the seats raised one above the other, something over a thousand school children formed a solid "flag" facing the Capitol, and greeted the Grand Army of the Republic with a chorus of song, as the veterans passed the treasury building. Over five hundred boys formed the left hand of the upper corner—the field of the flag. The white dresses of the girls made a pleasing contrast with the dark blue suits of the boys. As the song poured forth, the girls in alternate rows arrayed themselves in caps and capes of red material. Each alternate row was in white caps and capes. The boys in their blue suits, were holding up enough gilt stars to make the whole appear an animated flag. When the "Star-Spangled Banner" rolled forth, as sung by 1500 voices, the effect was electric. The "Flag of the Free" was illustrated by waving small flags at intervals, thus increasing the applause which the design certainly merited.

One of the best signs of the times is the recent awakening of the public mind to the importance of training pupils to reverence the flag of their country. The patriotic orders have done well in raising the stars and stripes to the top of the school-house. It has been well said that to teach patriotism without a flag is like teaching quantity without symbols, geography without maps, or science without apparatus. The sign must not be

confounded with the thing signified, and there must be something beside the mere unfurling of the flag. The flag must symbolize a love of country in the heart of the pupil, leading him to show in the simple acts of life the bravery that his forefathers displayed upon the battlefield. And when it becomes his duty to vote, the broad stripes and undimmed stars of his country's flag will urge him to rise superior to the selfish interests of a section, or a class, or a party and see the greater interests of his country as a whole.

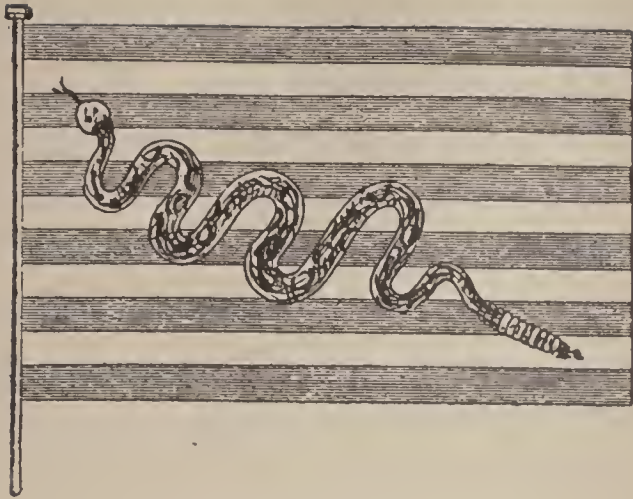
Congress has enacted a bill to protect our flag from disfigurement or prostitution to base uses. In the records of the house are these words :

"The flag of our country is the symbol of our national existence, power, and sovereignty. It is the emblem of freedom and equality, and representative of the glory of the American name. It is a reminder of American fortitude, courage, and heroism, and of the suffering and sacrifice on land and sea which have been endured for its preservation, and for the preservation of the country it represents. It is the shield and protection of the citizen at home and abroad, and should be honored and revered by every American who is a lover of his country. It should be held a thing sacred, and to deface, disfigure, or prostitute it to the purposes of advertising, should be held to be a crime against the nation, and be punished as such."

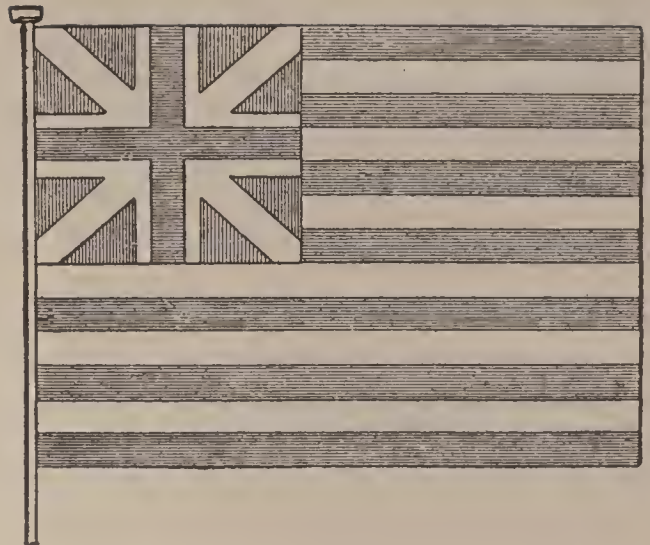
Several states have enacted laws calling for the display of the flag from public buildings on national holidays and public occasions; also from schoolhouses during the daily sessions. The text of the Massachusetts law is as follows :

"It shall be the duty of the school committees in the several cities and towns to provide for each schoolhouse in which public schools are maintained within their respective cities and towns not otherwise supplied, a United States flag of silk or bunting, not less than four feet in length, and a suitable flag-staff or other apparatus whereby such flag may be displayed on the schoolhouse grounds or schoolhouse buildings every school day, when the weather will permit, and on the inside of the schoolhouse on other school days."

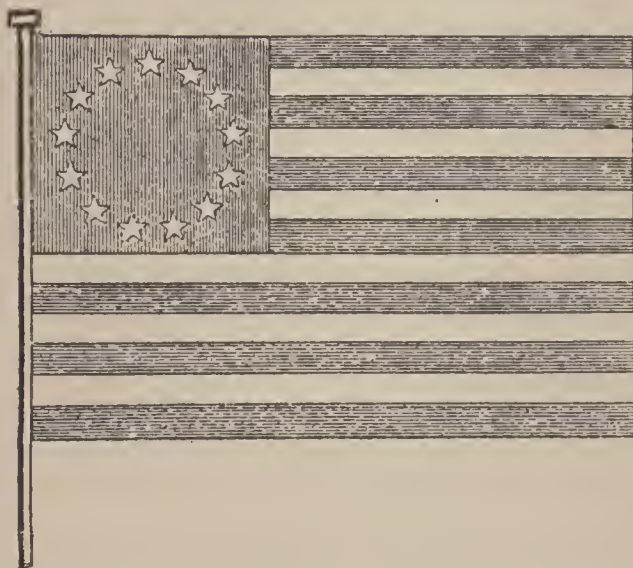
"The first gun of the Confederacy" is popularly supposed to have been the first shot fired at Sumter in April, 1861.



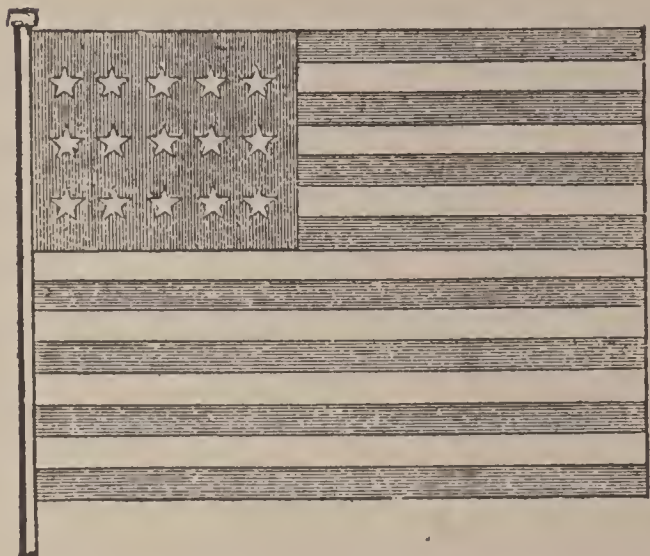
RATTLESNAKE FLAG



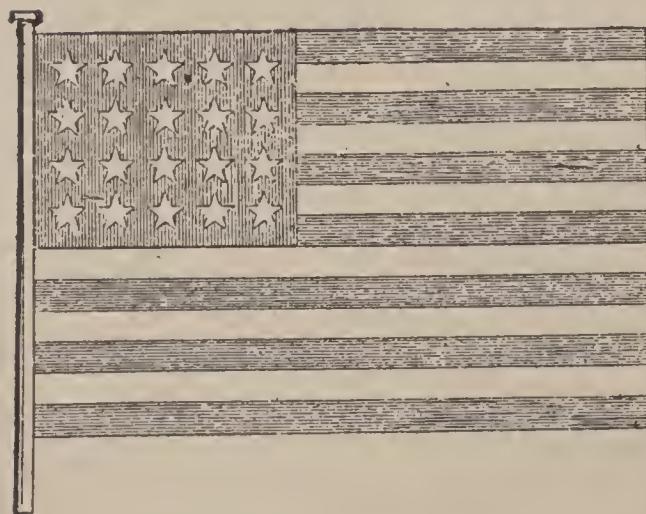
GRAND UNION FLAG (FIG. A)



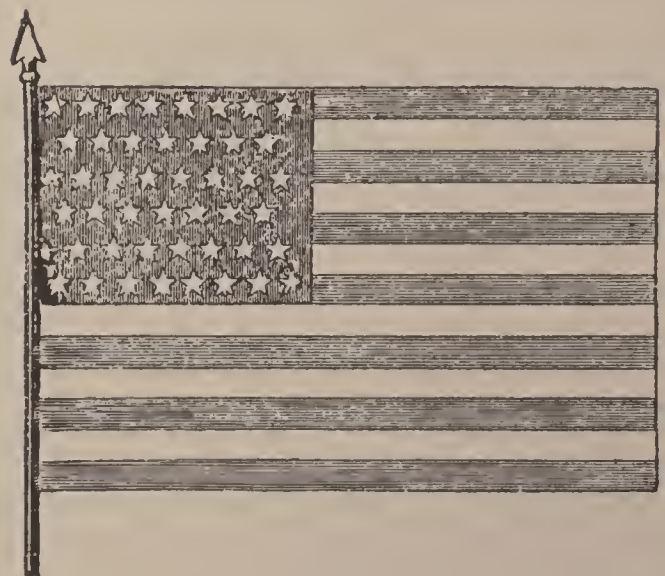
OLD GLORY, JUNE 14, 1777 (FIG. B)



JANUARY 13, 1794 (FIG. C)



APRIL 4, 1818 (FIG. D)



1896 (FIG. E)

But the flag had been insulted several times before by the rebels. When the *Star of the West* steamed up the harbor of Charleston on January 9, 1861, with re-enforcements, ammunition, and rations for the garrison at Sumter, and was within a mile of the fort, she was fired upon from the harbor, although a full-size garrison flag was flown from the mast-head. They kept on under the fire of the battery; but, finding it impossible to take his command to Fort Sumter, the captain of the vessel was reluctantly compelled to return. This was the first insult offered to the flag during the Civil War.

The flag was again fired upon on the 3d of April. The schooner Shannon, of Boston, bound to Savannah, drifted in a fog across Charleston bar, and was fired upon by the batteries on Morris island. The captain of the vessel immediately raised the Stars and Stripes. The appearance of the national flag was greeted by several thirty-two-pound shots. The captain not understanding this hostile reception, put out to sea.

After the bombardment of Sumter, the next flag incident occurred at Baltimore on April 19, the anniversary of the battles of Lexington and Concord, when the Sixth Massachusetts regiment was attacked by a mob in the streets of the city. The regimental flag came out of the conflict unharmed.

The death of Ellsworth followed next. The Ellsworth Zouaves, who enlisted from the fire service in New York City, occupied Alexandria, Va., on the morning of May 24, 1862. Colonel Ellsworth saw a rebel flag floating from the top of one of the hotels. Leaving a companion at the foot of the stairs, he climbed to the roof to tear down the Confederate colors. As the young colonel came down the stairs, he was shot by the proprietor of the hotel. President Lincoln was deeply grieved by the death of the brave young officer, and the body lay in state for several hours at the White House.

The most eloquent stories of the active part taken by the brave men who went forth in 1861 to defend the Union, are told by the old battle flags which they carried. These precious standards went out against the armed hosts of the confederacy proudly, defiantly, with flaring folds and glittering stars the type of a nation's integrity; they came back baptized in blood and fire, torn by bullets and shells, cannon-scorched and weather-beaten, yet crowned with immortal honors gained on many a hard-fought field. Nothing is left of some of these old battle-flags but the staff and a few shreds of faded silk; but these fragments will ever be treasured as a priceless legacy, showing the loyalty and devotion of the noble soldiers who bore them during the years of the mighty conflict.

In our own state, in the year following the close of the war, the color guard of each regiment carried the flags of their respective commands to Philadelphia, and on July 4, 1866, formally turned them over to Andrew G. Curtin, the venerable war governor. Prior to this ceremony, for which an appropriation of \$5000 was made by the legislature, a procession was formed which marched through the principal streets of the city. At the close of the march the veterans passed in review before the governor and his staff in Independence square. The flags were greeted with enthusiastic demonstrations all along the line of march, but the climax was reached when the veterans assembled under the shadows of old Independence Hall and handed over to the governor the flags they had carried to victory. No more pathetic scene ever took place than when the color-bearers gave up those emblems of loyalty that showed by their condition more plainly than words can tell the patriotic services of the soldiers of Pennsylvania in the fierce conflict for the integrity of the Union. These flags are now kept in large glass cases in the flag room of the Capitol at Harrisburg.

PATRIOTISM IN THE SCHOOL

THE SALUTATION OF THE FLAG

The salutation of the national flag in the schools of our country originated in the schools of the Children's Aid Society of the City of New York, through the efforts of Col. George T. Balch, who had in view the education of the children in some of the simpler duties of American citizenship. He devised a plan to awaken and stimulate a spirit of patriotism among the pupils. Prominent among the elementary steps of the process of developing a distinctively American idea, he placed the exercise of the salutation of the national flag. Another important practice which he introduced was the holding of "Patriotic Elections," in which the question of continuing the salutation of the flag was submitted to the decision of the pupils through an exercise of the privilege of the ballot. Over four thousand of the pupils voted in favor of the measure, while only forty-four voted against it. Thus the child was enabled to prepare for the use of his powers as an American citizen. The words of the salute as now used are :

We give Our Heads !

and our Hearts !

to Our Country !

One Country ! One Language ! One Flag !

Teachers who have visited the Children's Aid Society schools in New York City and have seen the daily exercise of

"Saluting the Flag" will agree with us when we state that only those who have been thrilled by such a sight and have caught something of the spirit can realize its full meaning. The order of the exercises is here given :

"You may now salute the flag."

1. At these words, a boy steps forward and takes the American flag, and stands facing the school.

2. The whole school now rises at a given signal, each pupil standing erect and firm.

3. The right arm is extended, pointing toward the flag.

4. The fore arm is bent so as to touch the forehead lightly with the tips of the fingers of the right hand. This motion should be quick and graceful. As the fingers touch the forehead these words are uttered in a clear voice "We give our heads"—

5. The right hand is carried quickly to the left and placed over the heart, with the words "and our hearts"—said after the movement.

6. The hand falls quickly to the side, and the words come, "to our country."

7. Standing erect, the children exclaim "One Country! One Language!"

8. Suddenly the right hand is extended at full length toward the flag—the pupil in graceful pose reaches toward the flag, exclaiming with force, ONE FLAG!

The children in all of our schools need this daily reminder of the meaning of the words *American Citizen*. This salute has a meaning beyond any attaching to the ordinary drills of the schoolroom. "If the children be made to understand," says Col. Balch, "that by this act they offer to their country their love, their gratitude, and their devotion, then indeed will the end in view be accomplished."

Another beautiful form of the flag salute is here shown. The flag being displayed at the teacher's desk, a quick note is struck on the piano or bell; every pupil rises and turns his face toward the flag, hands at the side. Another note is sounded, and each pupil gives the flag the military salute,—right hand uplifted, palm outward and in a line with the forehead and close to it. Standing thus, all the pupils repeat the words:

“I pledge allegiance to my flag and the Republic for which it stands; one Nation indivisible, with Liberty and Justice for all.”

At the words “to my flag,” the right hand is extended gracefully, palm upward, toward the flag, and remains in this position until the end of the affirmation; whereupon all hands drop immediately to the side. Then still standing, as the instrument strikes a chord, the swell of some grand old patriotic song bursts forth. The teacher should never forget that the flag means patriotism. Love for America, interest in her history, a sense of duty to our institutions, a realization of the obligations of citizenship should ever be inculcated with the display of the flag.

The raising of the colors on the flag-staff outside the school-room may or may not be accompanied with ceremony. When upon some national holiday or other state occasion it is desirable to give some little formality to the raising of the flag, it will be well for the principal of the school to appoint a *standard-bearer* and four or six *color-guards* to aid in the proper performance of the act of respect. A few minutes before the time appointed for the flag-raising, the general assembly call may be sounded, and the standard-bearer and his guard should march in a body by twos, in an orderly manner, to the foot of the flag-staff. Having reached the spot, the flag should be properly un-

rolled and attached to the halyards, with the assistance of the color-guard. All being in readiness, the flag is then hoisted to the mast-head by the standard-bearer, and the halyards properly secured to the cleats.

The teacher or standard-bearer now gives the order, "Salute the Flag," whereupon the pupils, assembled on the lawn or sidewalk, face toward the flag and salute it. This the boys do by uncovering the head, and the girls by a respectful and graceful bending of the head and upper part of the body. In a similar manner the flag may be saluted when it is lowered.

Care should be taken to see that the flag is properly folded and rolled up when put in its place of deposit. If it be wet, it should be spread out to dry in a suitable place. The boy who is acting as standard-bearer should be made to understand that the duties of his office should be properly performed.

In some schools the standard-bearer and color-guard are appointed weekly. On all national holidays it is the duty of the color-guard to see that the flag is raised in the morning, and lowered in the evening at sundown. On Decoration Day the flag should be raised at half-mast.

In the case of the death of a pupil or teacher, the flag of the school should be unfurled at half-mast as a mark of respect to the person. The same honor generally should be accorded on the death of a general officer of the schools, including members of the Board; the flags remaining at half-mast until after the funeral.

Whenever the flag is displayed or used in decoration it should never be placed "union down," as this is regarded as a position of dishonor. A convenient size for use outside the schoolroom is that of the storm flag, four feet two inches wide and eight feet long. The regulation post flag, ten feet wide and twenty feet long, is a beautiful banner for large buildings.

PATRIOTIC SONGS

"Once between the attacks," says a Matabele account of the death of a party of English soldiers, cut off and killed to a man, in the recent war in South Africa, "when the Matabele had fallen back, the men all stood up and took off their hats and sang."

Alone they stood a score of brave, determined men. They had but fifty rounds of ammunition, and were outnumbered by thousands. Shut in by savages on every side, escape was impossible, death was near. Hats off, the bronzed, bearded men of English blood,—that blood which flows in the veins of all men of the great Anglo Saxon race,—stood up and sang!

With what song did these men about to die salute the future? Was it "God Save the Queen," or was it some last hymn of worship or doxology such as comes to men when death is close and the end not far? Greater, indeed, it was than the *Morituri Salutamur* of the Roman gladiators standing face to face with death in the arena. Whatever the song, the heart swells as we hear of this little band, dropping and falling one by one, rising and "hats off" joining in one last outburst of loyalty, faith, and love. It was of some such supreme moment of heroism and devotion that Tennyson wrote in words that dignify the writer's work,

"And here the singer for his art
Not all in vain may plead,
The song that nerves a nation's heart
Is in itself a deed."

It is, we believe, the mission of the musical work in the public schools to make the youth of our land familiar with the great songs that glorify American citizenship. Every child in

the country should be moved to enthusiasm whenever our patriotic airs are played or sung. It is not too much to insist that the pupils in our schools should commit to memory the most popular of these songs. The songs learned in childhood are not easily forgotten, but remain a possession for all time.

Yankee Doodle

It is possible that the sweetest of all music to an American is that to which is sung the thrilling doggerel of Yankee Doodle. The tune first appeared in this country during the French and Indian war in 1755. General Braddock was assembling the northern colonists near Albany in order to make an attack on forts Niagara and Frontenac. In marched

The old Continentals,
In their ragged regimentals,

or more likely in none at all ; the fashion of their clothing old, and with matchlocks as quaint. Our noble ancestors for generations had been turning their swords into pruning-hooks and had forgotten war. Into the camp, a motley group, the ragged Continentals came, headed by a martial band that played quaint music strange to the ears of the British regulars. Then it was that Dr. Richard Shackburg, meaning to play a practical joke upon the uncouth recruits, set down the notes of Yankee Doodle, wrote out along them some lively words sung by the old cavaliers, and gave the composition to the ragged musicians as the latest martial music from England. The uncouth band

quickly caught the simple air, and it soon rang through the camp, amid the derisive laughter of the red-coated soldiers of England. But Shackburg had borrowed the tune as well as the words of the questionable little rhyme dating from the reign of Charles I. After the uprising of Cromwell, the cavaliers sang in ridicule of the great leader,

“Yankee Doodle came to town,
Upon a Kentish pony ;
He stuck a feather in his cap,
And called it macaroni.”

It was claimed that Cromwell rode into Oxford on a small horse, and had the plume of his hat fastened in a small knot, which was derisively called a *macaroni*. But for the name, “Yankee Doodle,” we must go still further back. The harvesters in the Low Countries received for wages “as much butter-milk as they could drink, and a tenth of the grain,” and so they sang the harvest song to the same lively air,

“Yanker dudel doodle down
Didle dudel lanther,
Yanker viver voover vown
Butermilk und tanther.”

Some authors have traced the tune as identical with the music of the sword-dance, the heroic *Danza Esparta* of brave old Biscay.

Shackburg’s borrowed air, although used in ridicule, soon became very popular with the colonists, and about 1775 the nebulous parts seem to have crystallized. Words,—not very brilliant doggerel either,—and music were united. To the inspiring quickstep of Shackburg was added the catchy chorus of “Yanker dudel doodle,” and the deed was done. We had a

national song unmeaning, yet undying ; hopelessly frivolous, yet wondrously enlivening. Yankee Doodle is one of the things which we are so much ashamed of that we never parade it before company ; yet we each have a sneaking fondness for it when we are alone. It is in no sense aristocratic, but belongs to the unregenerate and unpolished boyhood of the nation, as it fits the mouth of almost any boy from four to fourscore. None of us would care to be heard singing

“Father and I went down to camp
Along with Captain Gooding,
And there we see the men and boys
As thick as hasty pudding.”

Nor would any of the other fourteen stanzas of wretched doggerel suit us any better. But we find in the catchy air all the points of a good whistling tune, and when we are tired with our adopted art and our finished literature, our classic music and our acquired polish, we put away our silk hat in its box, take down the old felt hat from its peg, pick out a soft piece of pine and a sharp jack-knife, and then steal around the corner of the old barn and whistle Yankee Doodle.

Yet the song has its serious side. It is said that the army of Cornwallis, led on by a Continental drum-corps, at the surrender at Yorktown, marched into the American lines to the tune of Yankee Doodle. And throughout our various wars, the tune that was made to ridicule the champions of political freedom has led the march to greater and still greater victories. As we shall see in the further study of our songs, an enspiriting air, coming out of the lowest conditions, may express the forces moving a nation to action. Patriotism finding its expression in song is instinctive. Among the least objectionable versions, to

be sung to the inspiring air, we may place the following lines relating to the origin of the tune :

Once on a time old Johnny Bull
Flew in a raging fury,
And said that Jonathan should have
No trials, sir, by jury ;
That no elections should be held,
Across the briny waters ;
"And now," said he, "I'll tax the tea
Of all his sons and daughters."

Then down he sat in burly state,
And bluster'd like a grandee,
And in derision made a tune
Call'd trials, sir, by jury :
That no elections—these are facts—
"Yankee doodle dandy :
My son of wax, your tea I'll tax—
Yankee doodle dandy."

John sent the tea from o'er the sea
With heavy duties rated ;
But whether Hyson or Bohea,
I never heard it stated.
Then Jonathan to pout began—
He laid a strong embargo—
"I'll drink no tea, by Jove !" so he
Threw overboard the cargo.

Then Johnny sent a regiment,
Big words and looks to bandy,
Whose martial band, when near the land,
Play'd "Yankee doodle dandy."
"Yankee doodle—keep it up ;
Yankee doodle dandy ;
I'll poison with a tax your cup,
Yankee doodle dandy."

In Chorus Full and Hearty

A long war then they had ; in which
 John was at last defeated—
 And "Yankee Doodle" was the march
 To which his troops retreated.
 Cute Jonathan to see them fly,
 Could not restrain his laughter :
 "That tune," said he, "suits to a T,
 I'll sing it ever after."

With "Hail Columbia" it is sung,
 In chorus full and hearty—
 On land and main we breathe the strain,
 John made for his tea-party.
 "Yankee doodle-ho-ha-he !
 Yankee doodle dandy—
 We kept the tune, but not the tea,
 Yankee doodle dandy !"

No matter how we rhyme the words,
 The music speaks them handy,
 And where's the fair can't sing the air,
 Of "Yankee doodle dandy !"
 "Yankee doodle—firm and true—
 Yankee doodle dandy,
 Yankee doodle doodle do !
 Yankee doodle dandy."

America

To pass from the stirring quickstep of Yankee Doodle to the grand melody of the national hymn "America" may seem a large step, but such a transition is not foreign to the nature of the race from which we spring. The jubilant feet of the soldiers in the garrison at Calcutta gave rise to the great "Hallelujah

Chorus," which as "John Brown's Body" or "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" became the marching song of our nation. The spirit which makes the best of any conditions that may be imposed is the secret of the immense power of the race. "God Save the King" gave the basis for our national hymn, "America."

Dr. Samuel Francis Smith, who wrote the words of "America," was born in Boston, October 21, 1808, and died November 16, 1895. It is to him that Oliver Wendell Holmes refers in his poem entitled "The Boys":

"And there's a nice fellow of excellent pith,—
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith,
But he shouted a song for the brave and the free,—
Just read on his medal, 'My Country, of Thee.'"

The song was written during his student life at Andover in February, 1832. A collection of German song-books was submitted to him by Mr. Lowell Mason, and one song captivated him by its melody and spirit. Notwithstanding the same tune had been adapted to the words of the English national hymn "God Save the King," Dr. Smith wrote and adapted to its music his song, "My Country, 'tis of thee," thus giving it the ring of American republican patriotism. Dr. Smith did not deem it an evil that the national tune of Britain and America should be the same, but was disposed to regard it as a new and beautiful tie of union between the mother and the daughter. Many true patriots will agree with him in this sentiment.

During his long life of eighty-seven years, Dr. Smith wrote more than sixty patriotic poems. Not only the children in our land, but all citizens as well should honor the memory of one who has infused the spirit of his national hymn into the temper of patriotic literature throughout the civilized world.

The National Hymn

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing ;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

My native country ! thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love ;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song ;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God ! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing ;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light,—
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King !

S. J. Smith.

The American Flag

A poem that has in it all of the color and magnificence of the flag itself is the "Ode on the American Flag," written by Joseph Rodman Drake in 1819. This young poet has been called the "American Keats." An ardent patriot, he filled the much-admired poem with color and fire, yet with all the beauty of the glorious skies which his fancy pictured.

Drake was born in New York in August, 1795, and died in that city in September, 1820. His intimate friend was Fitz-Greene Halleck, who is said to have written the last four lines of the poem.

When Freedom from her mountain height
 Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
 And set the stars of glory there ;
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldrick of the skies,
And striped its pure, celestial white,
With streakings of the morning light :
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Majestic monarch of the cloud !
 Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud
And see the lightning lances driven,
 When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven ;
Child of the sun ! to thee 'tis given
 To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
 The harbingers of victory.

By Angel Hands to Valor given !

Flag of the brave ! thy folds shall fly,
 The sign of hope and triumph high,
 When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
 And the long line comes gleaming on ;
 Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
 Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
 Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
 To where thy sky-born glories burn ;
 And as his springing steps advance,
 Catch war and vengeance from the glance :
 And when the cannon-mouthings loud
 Heave in wild wreaths the battle-shroud,
 And gory sabers rise and fall
 Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall,
 Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
 And cowering foes shall fall beneath
 Each gallant arm that strikes below
 That lovely messenger of death.

Flag of the seas ! on ocean's wave
 Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave ;
 When death, careering on the gale,
 Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
 And frightened waves rush wildly back,
 Before the broadside's reeling rack,
 Each dying wanderer of the sea
 Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
 And smile to see thy splendors fly
 In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
 By angel hands to valor given !
 Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
 And all thy hues were born in heaven.
 Forever float that standard sheet !
 Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
 With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
 And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us ?

Joseph Rodman Drake.

John Brown's Body

The "Hallelujah Chorus" is the name given to the famous refrain which during the throes of a terrible civil war became the marching song of the nation. The spirit of the Puritan glows in the words as they blend with the stirring tread of the music. It is said that the original refrain is found in an old song forming the marching refrain of the Gurkhas of India; but certainly the strain has the swing of the march of victorious feet with almost Hebraic solemnity and sternness.

Glory! glory Hallelujah!

Glory! glory Hallelujah!

Glory! glory Hallelujah!

His soul is marching on!

Whose soul? The spirit of that old man who thought himself to be the "Sword of the Lord and of Gideon;" the soul of him who by his sudden attack upon Harper's Ferry, thought that he could bring about the abolition of slavery. The world thought John Brown a lunatic, yet Victor Hugo said in reference to the execution of the brave old idealist:

"From a moral standpoint it looks as though a portion of the light of humanity is being eclipsed, and the distinction between justice and injustice obscured." Hugo also suggested the epitaph,

*"PRO CHRISTO, SICUT CHRISTUS."*²

Others have borne testimony to the purity of purpose of this man who believed that the fraternity inculcated by the Gospel ought to exist in something more than in name. Wendell Phillips, looking down into the grave of the martyr, said: "He has abolished slavery. Surely such a life is no failure. God said to him, 'That work is done; you have proved that a slave

state is only fear in the mask of despotism ; come up higher, and baptize by your martyrdom a million hearts into holier life.' John Brown went a whole generation beyond his time in claiming the right for white men to help the slaves to freedom by force of arms. If any swords ever reflected the smile of Heaven, surely it was those at Harper's Ferry. If ever our God is the Lord of hosts, making one man chase a thousand, surely that little band might claim him for their captain. Harper's Ferry was no single hour, standing alone,—taken out from a common life,—it was the flowering out of fifty years of single-hearted devotion. He must have lived wholly for one great idea, when those who owe their being to him, and those whom love has joined to the circle, group so harmoniously around him, each accepting serenely his and her part. Standing here, let us thank God for a firmer faith and fuller hope."

James Russell Lowell, the poet, said :

"Truth forever on the scaffold,
Wrong forever on the throne,
But that scaffold sways the future,
And behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above His own."

Marvelous old man ! We see him walking with radiant face to the scaffold. We see him stoop to kiss that negro child,—and the iron heart seems all tenderness. Victor Hugo had warned the people that the execution of John Brown would prove an irreparable error that would shake the nation to its very foundation, and the prophecy as thus delivered did not wait long for its fulfillment. A few months later, a million men sang his apotheosis in the march, by the camp-fire, in the uproar of battle. Along the green banks of many a southern river it rose as a dirge

upon the evening air. It rose like the voice of many waters when the accompaniment was the diapason of the roar of hundreds of guns. As the volunteers from the North marched to the defense of the Union, this is the song they sang :

John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
His soul is marching on !

Glory ! glory Hallelujah !
Glory ! glory Hallelujah !
Glory ! glory Hallelujah !
His soul is marching on !

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
His soul is marching on !

John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back !
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back !
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back !
His soul is marching on !

Of this fatherless song R. H. Dana once wrote : "It would have been past belief had we been told that the almost undistinguishable name of John Brown should be whispered among four million slaves, and sung wherever the English language is spoken, and incorporated into an anthem to whose solemn cadence men would march to battle by tens of thousands."

It is an interesting fact to note that in 1865 this song was sung in mighty chorus by a brigade of colored troops as they marched through the streets of Charleston, South Carolina, from

which very city the melody had been brought to the North by Thane Miller of Cincinnati in 1859. It is not known who wrote the first stanza, but Charles S. Hall of Charleston, Mass., wrote the others usually sung to the tune. Other words were written by Henry Howard Brownell; but nothing was done to bring the standard upward, in any great degree, until Julia Ward Howe placed a woman's seal of purity upon the tune by adapting her grand Hebraic poem to the rhythmic swing of the song.

The Battle Hymn of the Republic

This is the way the great "Battle Hymn of the Republic" came to be written :

Late in the autumn of 1861, Julia Ward Howe in company with her husband and a party of friends, visited the national capital. The journey was one of deep interest. Long before the visitors reached the city, they were aware of the presence of the grim demon of war, that made itself felt in the blazing light of hundreds of camp-fires. But in those early days of the great conflict, many looked upon the evolutions of the troops as upon a pageant, and the reviews of the troops were attended by the citizens in great numbers. At one of these reviews that was appointed to take place some distance from the city, Mrs. Howe and her friends were present, but a sudden surprise on the part of the enemy interrupted the proceedings, and the intended review was necessarily abandoned. Some of the troops who were to have taken part in the pageant were sent to aid their companions, who had been suddenly surrounded, and

others were ordered back to their quarters. The visitors drove homeward. Mrs. Howe says :

“For a long distance the foot-soldiers nearly filled the road. They were before and behind, and we were obliged to drive very slowly. Presently we began to sing some of the well-known songs of the war, and among them ‘John Brown’s body lies a-mouldering in the grave.’ This seemed to please the soldiers, who cried, ‘Good for you,’ and themselves took up the strain. Mr. Clarke said to me : ‘You ought to write some new words to that tune.’ I replied that I had often wished to do so. In spite of the excitement of the day, I went to bed and slept soundly after the fatigue of our long, cold drive. Next morning, in the gray of the early dawn, I awoke, and lying in my bed, began in my mind to twine the long lines of a hymn which suited the measure of the John Brown melody. Each verse in succession seemed to write itself quite clearly in my brain, and I lay quite still until the last verse had completed itself in my thoughts; presently I said to myself : ‘I must arise at once and write this down, or I shall be sure to go to sleep again and forget it.’”

“I sprang from bed, and searched about in the dark for the stump of a pencil and a bit of paper which I remembered to have seen upon my table before retiring to rest. I began to scrawl the lines almost without looking, as I had learned to do by so often scratching down verses in the darkened room where my little children were sleeping. Having completed this, I lay down and fell asleep, but not without feeling that something of importance had happened to me. I said to myself, ‘I am glad of this poem.’”

The poem was first published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and the editor, Mr. James T. Fields, suggested the name by which the verses have since been known. The lines are :

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage, where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

Chorus—Glory! glory Hallelujah!

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel;
As ye deal with my contemners so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel:
Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
Oh, be swift my soul to answer Him, be jubilant my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea;
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free:
While God is marching on.

Julia Ward Howe.

This grand anthem first came prominently into public notice when Chaplain McCabe, newly released from Libby prison, gave a lecture in Washington, and in the course of it told how he and his fellow prisoners, having somehow become possessed of a copy of the "Battle Hymn," sang it with a will in their prison on receiving surreptitious tidings of a Union victory. As the author of the poem says, "we might see this glory oftener if we would look for it, and most of all where faithful souls are working together for the good of humanity."

The Battle Cry of Freedom

We are springing to the call of our brothers gone before,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom ;
And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a million freemen more
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom !

Chorus :

The Union forever, hurrah, boys, hurrah !
Down with the traitor, up with the Stars ;
While we rally round the flag, boys, rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom !

We will welcome to our numbers the loyal, true, and brave,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom ;
And although they may be poor, not a man shall be a slave,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom !

So we're springing to the call from the East and from the West,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom ;
And we'll hurl the rebel crew from the land we love the best,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom !

George Frederick Root.

Among the chief literary results of the civil war are a few martial lyrics, composed during the heat of the great struggle. Dr. George Frederick Root composed the "Battle Cry of Freedom," and "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching," two of the great war songs. The first was written in 1861, and was sung at a grand patriotic rally held in Union Square, New York, just after the call for seventy-five thousand volunteers had been issued by President Lincoln. It was sung by a male quartet, and took the loyal throng by storm. Those who were there say that the singing of the lines :—

"We are springing to the call of our brothers gone before,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom ;
And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a million freemen more,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom !"

caused a frenzied demonstration of patriotism that was allied to insanity, and utterly indescribable. Then came the rhythmic swell of the chorus,

"The Union forever, hurrah boys, hurrah !
Down with the traitor, up with the Stars !
While we rally round the flag, boys, rally once again,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom !"

The melody was catching, and long before the third verse

"So we're springing to the call from the East and from the West,
Shouting the battle-cry of freedom !"

was sung, the words of the chorus were written in every heart there present, while the volume of rich melody went up from the throats of the multitude, as all joined in singing the grand rallying chorus. The song was from that moment enshrined in the heart of every man, woman, and child in the North. The marching columns carried it South, and it became one of the great marching songs of the northern armies, "John Brown" alone disputing its supremacy in the hearts of the veterans.

Three Hundred Thousand More

At the outbreak of the rebellion, President Lincoln called for seventy-five thousand soldiers. Everybody asked, "Where will he get them?" but in response to the call, ninety-one thousand men offered themselves. Then came the call for five hundred thousand in July, 1861, and over seven hundred thousand entered the ranks to fight for the preservation of the Union. Disasters came upon the Army of the Potomac, but the loyal people of the North did not become disheartened. Filled with patriotic zeal, men who had not thought of enlisting before hastened to fill the ranks when President Lincoln, in July, 1862, issued his call for three hundred thousand soldiers. The drum-beat was heard in every town and village, and four hundred and twenty-one thousand men readily responded to the call. Born of the moment, this is the martial lyric they sang:

We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more,
From Mississippi's winding stream and from New England's shore;
We leave our ploughs and workshops, our wives and children dear,
With hearts too full for utterance, with but a silent tear;
We dare not look behind us, but steadfastly before—
We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more.

If you look all up our valleys, where the growing harvests shine,
You may see our sturdy farmer boys fast forming into line;
And children from their mothers' knees are pulling at the weeds,
And learning how to reap and sow against their country's needs;
And a farewell group stands weeping at every cottage door—
We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more.

You have called us, and we're coming, by Richmond's bloody tide,
To lay us down for freedom's sake, our brothers' bones beside;
Or from foul treason's savage grasp to wrench the murderer's blade,
And in the face of foreign foes its fragments to parade.
Six hundred thousand loyal men and true have gone before—
We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more.

John S. Gibbons.

The Red, White, and Blue

O Columbia ! the gem of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
A world offers homage to thee.
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,
When Liberty's form stands in view,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white, and blue.

Chorus—When borne by the red, white, and blue,
When borne by the red, white, and blue,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the red, white, and blue.

When war winged its wide desolation
And threatened the land to deform,
The ark then of freedom's foundation,
Columbia, rode safe through the storm ;
With the garlands of victory around her,
When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the red, white, and blue.

The Union, the Union forever,
Our glorious nation's sweet hymn,
May the wreaths it has won never wither,
Nor the star of its glory grow dim !
May the service united ne'er sever,
But they to their colors prove true !
The Army and Navy forever,
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.

David T. Shaw.

Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching

In the prison-cell I sit, thinking, mother dear, of you,
And our bright and happy home so far away,
And the tears they fill my eyes, spite of all that I can do,
Though I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.

Chorus—Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
Cheer up, comrades, they will come ;
And beneath the starry flag,
We shall breathe the air again
Of the freeland in our own beloved home.

In the battle front we stood when their fiercest charge was made,
And they swept us off, a hundred men or more ;
But before we reached their lines they were beaten back dismayed,
And we heard the cry of victory o'er and o'er.

So within the prison-cell we are waiting for the day
That shall come to open wide the iron door ;
And the hollow eye grows bright, and the poor heart almost gay,
As we think of seeing home and friends once more.

George Frederick Root.

Not alone by those who struggled for victory upon the battle-field has the spirit of patriotism been shown ; but by those, also, who day by day, through want of food and with dread diseases, wasted away in the prison-pens at Millen and Andersonville. Exposed to the burning heat of the sun, and to the chill nights of autumn, without shelter or protection—unless the wretched burrows excavated in the ground be called protection—thousands of brave men gave up their lives that their country might live. Theirs were the indescribable horrors of the prison, theirs a heroism loftier than that of the battle-field, a loyalty and

fortitude unsurpassed in the history of the world. Yet there was song in the midst of direst suffering. Even in Libby prison,—that old warehouse whose every brick, if voiceful, could tell a tale of sorrow,—Bishop Charles C. McCabe and his companions sang the glorious “Battle Hymn of the Republic.” From the tent and the battle-field came the songs of those who dreamed of the dear ones so far away. True, indeed, are the words of old Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun: “I know a very wise man that believed if a man were permitted to make the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation.”

Tenting on the Old Camp Ground

We're tenting to-night on the old camp-ground ;
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts,—a song of home,
And friends we love so dear.

Chorus—Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Wishing for the war to cease ;
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace.
Tenting to-night, tenting to-night,
Tenting on the old camp-ground.

We've been tenting to-night on the old camp-ground,
Thinking of days gone by ;
Of the loved at home that gave us the hand,
And the tear that said “good-bye !”

We are tired of war on the old camp-ground ;
Many are dead and gone,
Of the brave and true who've left their homes,—
Others been wounded long.

We've been fighting to-day on the old camp-ground,
Many are lying near ;
Some are dead, and some are dying,
Many are in tears.

Chorus—Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Wishing for the war to cease ;
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace.
Dying to-night, dying to-night,
Dying on the old camp-ground.

Walter Kittredge.

Many other songs and lyrics, expressing the emotions of the people of the various sections, were written during the period of the Civil War. Indeed, the fame of several poets rests entirely upon their war poems. Henry Howard Brownell wrote two stirring poems—"The Bay Fight" and "The River Fight"; while "The Old Sergeant" was written by Forseyth Wilson. Then there are famous lyrics, such as Whittier's "Barbara Frietchie," Stedman's "Cavalry Song," Thomas Buchanan Read's "Sheridan's Ride," and Francis M. Finch's "The Blue and the Gray." During all periods of excitement, genuine bits of passion have burst from the hearts of the people, and in all great struggles, like the Revolution and the Civil War, many have been produced. Even the suggestion of a war, as the threatened trouble with France in 1798, gave us the song "Hail Columbia," which is sung all over this great land.

Hail Columbia

Hail Columbia, happy land !
Hail, ye heroes, heaven-born band !
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoyed the peace your valor won ;
Let Independence be your boast,
Ever mindful what it cost,
Ever grateful for the prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.

Chorus :

Firm, united let us be,
Rallying round our liberty,
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots, rise once more !
Defend your rights, defend your shore !
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies,
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize ;
While offering peace, sincere and just,
In heaven we place a manly trust
That truth and justice may prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail !

Sound, sound the trump of fame !
Let Washington's great name
Ring through the world with loud applause !
Ring through the world with loud applause !
Let every clime to freedom dear
Listen with a joyful ear ;
With equal skill, with steady power,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war ; or guides with ease
The happier times of honest peace.

Behold the chief, who now commands,
Once more to serve his country stands,
The rock on which the storm will beat,
The rock on which the storm will beat !
But armed in virtue firm and true,
His hopes are fixed on Heaven and you ;
When hope was sinking in dismay,
When gloom obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolved on death or liberty.

Joseph Hopkinson.

Joseph Hopkinson, whose father, Francis Hopkinson, signed the Declaration of Independence, wrote the patriotic song "Hail Columbia," a poem of rather small literary merit, saved from oblivion by the stirring music to which it is joined. The tune was originally called "The President's March," and was composed by Professor Phylla of Philadelphia in 1789. It was first played at Trenton, when Washington was on his way to New York to be inaugurated. The words of the song were written by Judge Hopkinson nearly ten years later. The following is his own account, written in 1840, of the origin of the words :

"The song was written in 1798, when a war with France was thought to be inevitable—Congress being then in session in Philadelphia, deliberating on that important subject, and acts of hostility having actually occurred. The contest between England and France was raging, and the people of the United States were divided into parties, some thinking that policy and duty required us to take part with France ; others were in favor of our uniting with England, under the belief that she was the great preservative power of good principles and safe government. The violation of our rights by both belligerents was forcing us from the just and wise policy of President Washington, which was to take part with neither, but to keep a strict and honest neutrality

between them. The prospect of a rupture with France was exceedingly offensive to that portion of the people which espoused her cause ; and the violence of the spirit of party has never risen higher than it did at that time and on that question.

"A company was then playing in our city, and a young man named Fox, belonging to it, whose talent was good as a singer, was about to take his benefit. I had known him when at school. On this acquaintance he called on me on Saturday afternoon, his benefit being announced for the following Monday. He said he had no boxes taken, and his prospect was that he should suffer a loss instead of receiving a benefit ; but that if he could get a patriotic song adapted to the tune of the 'President's March,' then the popular air, he had no doubt of a full house : that the poets of the theatrical corps had been trying to accomplish it, but were satisfied that no words could be composed to suit the music of that march. I told him I would try it. He came the next afternoon, and the song, such as it is, was ready for him.

"It was announced on Monday morning, and the entire house was crowded to excess, and so continued night after night, the song being encored and repeated many times each night, the audience joining in the chorus. It was also sung at night in the streets by large assemblies of citizens, including members of Congress. The enthusiasm was general, and the song was heard in every part of the United States.

"The object of the author was to get up an American spirit which should be above the interests, passions, and policy of both belligerents, and look and feel exclusively for our honor and our rights. Not an allusion is made either to France or England, or which was most in fault in their treatment of us. Of course the song found favor with both parties throughout the entire country ; it was truly American and nothing else, and the patriotic feelings of every American responded to it. It has endured

infinitely beyond any expectation of the author, and beyond any merit it can boast of, except that of being truly and exclusively patriotic in its sentiment and spirit."

PATRIOTIC ADDRESSES AND QUOTATIONS

Patriotism is the noblest passion that animates man in his character as a citizen. Love of one's country is natural, partaking somewhat of the nature of instinct, yet greater than any mere instinct and passion, since it becomes in times of trial an experience and a principle leading to most heroic deeds. Although patriotism is a natural impulse, it needs to be cultivated in order that it may become an intelligent motive to action. The public school is the proper place for direct instruction in this living principle, and childhood is the most fruitful time. We cannot hope to make radical changes in the lives and impulses of the multitudes that come to our land as a natural refuge from the tyranny of other countries; but the children may be trained and brought upward to intelligent thought and action in regard to patriotic citizenship.

Much of the education which shapes a child for his duties as a man and a citizen is that which he gains from the influences of his home and of the community to which he belongs. The schools must do much more than enforce mental discipline, cultivate intellectual tastes, and instruct in the means for obtaining a livelihood. Manly honesty, gentleness, generosity, virtue, and patriotism must be taught in every schoolroom in the land.

Pupils should commit to memory selections from the addresses made by great statesmen. The words of these men will

form a mental treasure becoming more precious to the pupils as they enter upon the years of active life. A few of the more important of these patriotic speeches and addresses are here given, and many others may be selected from the readers in common use in our schools.

Speech to the Delegates of Virginia

RICHMOND, VA., MARCH 23, 1775.

MR. PRESIDENT—It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet.

Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation; the last arguments to which kings resort.

I ask, gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us into submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy, in this quarter of the globe, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains, which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain.

Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not already been exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne!

In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free—if we mean to preserve inviolate those estimable privileges for which we have been so long contending—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak; unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power.

Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come.

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale, that sweeps from the north, will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

Patrick Henry.

Washington's Farewell Address

SEPTEMBER 17, 1796.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS—The period for a new election of a citizen, to administer the executive government of the United States, being not far distant, and the time actually arrived, when your thoughts must be employed in designating the person who is to be clothed with that important trust, it appears to me proper, especially as it may conduce to a more distinct expression of the public voice, that I should now apprise you of the resolution I have formed, to decline being considered among the number of those, out of whom a choice is to be made.

I beg you, at the same time, to do me the justice to be assured, that this resolution has not been taken without a strict regard to all the considerations appertaining to the relation, which binds a dutiful citizen to his country; and that, in with-

drawing the tender of service, which silence in my situation might imply, I am influenced by no diminution of zeal for your future interest ; no deficiency of grateful respect for your past kindness ; but am supported by a full conviction that the step is compatible with both.

In looking forward to the moment which is intended to terminate the career of my public life, my feelings do not permit me to suspend the deep acknowledgment of that debt of gratitude which I owe to my beloved country for the many honors it has conferred upon me ; still more for the steadfast confidence with which it has supported me ; and for the opportunities I have thence enjoyed of manifesting my inviolable attachment, by services faithful and persevering, though in usefulness unequal to my zeal. If benefits have resulted to our country from these services, let it always be remembered to your praise, and as an instructive example in our annals, that under circumstances in which the passions, agitated in every direction, were liable to mislead, amidst appearances sometimes dubious, vicissitudes of fortune often discouraging, in situations in which not unfrequently want of success has countenanced the spirit of criticism, the constancy of your support was the essential prop of the efforts, and a guaranty of the plans by which they were effected. Profoundly penetrated with this idea, I shall carry it with me to my grave, as a strong incitement to unceasing vows that Heaven may continue to you the choicest tokens of its beneficence ; that your union and brotherly affection may be perpetual ; that the free constitution, which is the work of your hands, may be sacredly maintained ; that its administration in every department may be stamped with wisdom and virtue ; that, in fine, the happiness of the people of these states, under the auspices of liberty, may be made complete, by so careful a preservation and so prudent a use of this blessing, as will acquire to them the glory

of recommending it to the applause, the affection, and adoption of every nation which is yet a stranger to it.

Here, perhaps, I ought to stop. But a solicitude for your welfare, which cannot end but with my life, and the apprehension of danger natural to that solicitude, urge me, on an occasion like the present, to offer to your solemn contemplation, and to recommend to your frequent review, some sentiments, which are the result of much reflection, of no inconsiderable observation, and which appear to me all-important to the permanency of your felicity as a people. These will be offered to you with the more freedom, as you can only see in them the disinterested warnings of a parting friend, who can possibly have no personal motive to bias his counsel. Nor can I forget, as an encouragement to it, your indulgent reception of my sentiments on a former and not dissimilar occasion.

Interwoven as is the love of liberty with every ligament of your hearts, no recommendation of mine is necessary to fortify or confirm the attachment.

The unity of government, which constitutes you one people, is also now dear to you. It is justly so ; for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence, the support of your tranquillity at home, your peace abroad ; of your safety ; of your prosperity ; of that very liberty which you so highly prize. But as it is easy to foresee that from different causes and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth ; as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively, though often covertly and insidiously, directed, it is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national union to your collective and individual happiness ; that you should cherish a cordial, habit-

ual, and immovable attachment to it ; accustoming yourselves to think and speak of it as of the palladium of your political safety and prosperity ; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety ; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion, that it can in any event be abandoned ; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

For this you have every inducement of sympathy and interest. Citizens, by birth or choice, of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of American, which belongs to you in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism, more than any appellation derived from local discriminations. With slight shades of difference, you have the same religion, manners, habits, and political principles. You have in a common cause fought and triumphed together ; the independence and liberty you possess are the work of joint counsels and joint efforts, of common dangers, sufferings, and successes.

All obstructions to the execution of the laws, all combinations and associations, under whatever plausible character, with the real design to direct, control, counteract, or awe the regular deliberation and action of the constituted authorities, are destructive of this fundamental principle, and of fatal tendency. They serve to organize faction, to give it an artificial and extraordinary force ; to put, in the place of the delegated will of the nation, the will of the party, often a small but artful and enterprising minority of the community ; and, according to the alternate triumphs of different parties, to make the public administration the mirror of the ill-concerted and incongruous projects of faction, rather than the organ of consistent and wholesome plans digested by common counsels and modified by mutual interests.

However combinations or associations of the above descriptions may now and then answer popular ends, they are likely, in the course of time and things, to become the potent engines by which cunning, ambitious, and unprincipled men will be enabled to subvert the power of the people and to usurp for themselves the reins of the government ; destroying afterwards the very engines which have lifted them to unjust dominion.

Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened.

Observe good faith and justice towards all nations ; cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and morality enjoin this conduct ; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it ? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt that in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantages which might be lost by a steady adherence to it ? Can it be that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a nation with its virtue ? The experiment, at least, is recommended by every sentiment which ennobles human nature. Alas ! is it rendered impossible by its vices ?

The great rule of conduct for us, in regard to foreign nations, is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connexion as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop.

Europe has a set of primary interests which to us have none, or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged

in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves by artificial ties, in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities.

Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people, under an efficient government, the period is not far off when we may defy material injury from external annoyance; when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may at any time resolve upon to be scrupulously respected; when belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest guided by justice shall counsel.

Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalry, interest, humor, or caprice?

It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world; so far, I mean, as we are now at liberty to do it; for let me not be understood as capable of patronizing infidelity to existing engagements. I hold the maxim no less applicable to public than to private affairs, that honesty is always the best policy. I repeat it, therefore, let those engagements be observed in their genuine sense. But, in my opinion, it is unnecessary and would be unwise to extend them.

In offering to you, my countrymen, these counsels of an old and affectionate friend, I dare not hope that they will make the strong and lasting impression I could wish; that they will control

the usual current of the passions, or prevent our nation from running the course which has hitherto marked the destiny of nations. But, if I may even flatter myself that they may be productive of some partial benefit, some occasional good ; that they may now and then recur to moderate the fury of party spirit, to warn against the mischiefs of foreign intrigue, to guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism ; this hope will be a full recompense for the solicitude for your welfare by which they have been dictated.

Though, in reviewing the incidents of my administration, I am unconcious of intentional error, I am nevertheless too sensible of my defects not to think it probable that I may have committed many errors. Whatever they may be, I fervently beseech the Almighty to avert or mitigate the evils to which they may tend. I shall always carry with me the hope that my country will never cease to view them with indulgence ; and that, after forty-five years of my life dedicated to its service with an upright zeal, the faults of incompetent abilities will be consigned to oblivion, as myself must soon be to the mansions of rest.

Relying on its kindness in this as in other things, and actuated by that fervent love towards it, which is so natural to a man who views in it the native soil of himself and his progenitors for several generations, I anticipate with pleasing expectation that retreat, in which I promise myself to realize without alloy the sweet enjoyment of partaking, in the midst of my fellow-citizens, the benign influence of good laws under free government,—the ever favorite object of my heart, and the happy reward, as I trust, of our mutual cares, labors, and dangers.

George Washington.

South Carolina

THE SENATE, JANUARY 21, 1830.

If there be one state in the Union, Mr. President, that may challenge comparison with any other, for a uniform, zealous, ardent, and uncalculating devotion to the Union, that state is South Carolina. Sir, from the very commencement of the Revolution, up to this hour, there is no sacrifice, however great, she has not cheerfully made, no service she has ever hesitated to perform.

She has adhered to you in your prosperity ; but in your adversity she has clung to you with more than filial affection. No matter what was the condition of her domestic affairs, though deprived of her resources, divided by parties, or surrounded by difficulties, the call of the country has been to her as the voice of God. Domestic discord ceased at the sound; every man became at once reconciled to his brethren, and the sons of Carolina were all seen crowding together to the temple, bringing their gifts to the altar of their common country.

What, sir, was the conduct of the South during the Revolution? Sir, I honor New England for her conduct in that glorious struggle. But great as is the praise which belongs to her, I think at least equal honor is due to the South. They espoused the quarrel of their brethren with a generous zeal which did not suffer them to stop to calculate their interest in the dispute. Favorites of the mother country, possessed of neither ships nor seamen to create a commercial rivalry, they might have found in their situation a guaranty that their trade would be forever fostered and protected by Great Britain. But, trampling upon

all considerations either of interest or of safety, they rushed into the conflict ; and, fighting for principle, periled all in the sacred cause of freedom.

Never were there exhibited in the history of the world higher examples of noble daring, dreadful suffering, and heroic endurance, than by the Whigs of Carolina, during the Revolution. The whole state, from the mountains to the sea, was overrun by an overwhelming force of the enemy. The fruits of industry perished on the spot where they were produced, or were consumed by the foe. The "plains of Carolina" drank up the most precious blood of her citizens. Black and smoking ruins marked the places which had been the habitations of her children. Driven from their homes into the gloomy and almost impenetrable swamps, even there the spirit of liberty survived, and South Carolina, sustained by the example of her Sumters and her Marions, proved by her conduct, that, though her soil might be overrun, the spirit of her people was invincible.

Robert Y. Hayne.

Massachusetts and South Carolina

THE SENATE, JANUARY 26, 1830,

The eulogium pronounced on the character of the state of South Carolina, by the honorable gentleman, for her Revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge that the honorable member goes before me in regard for whatever of distinguished talent or distinguished character South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honor,

I partake in the pride of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, one and all,—the Laurenses, the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumters, the Marions—Americans all—whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by state lines, than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits.

In their day and generation, they served and honored the country, and the whole country; and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country. Him whose honored name the gentleman himself bears,—does he suppose me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism, or sympathy for his sufferings, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light in Massachusetts, instead of South Carolina? Sir, does he suppose it in his power to exhibit a Carolina name so bright as to produce envy in my bosom? No sir; increased gratification and delight, rather. Sir, I thank God, that if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is said to be able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit which would drag angels down.

When I shall be found, sir, in my place here in the Senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit because it happened to spring up beyond the little limits of my own state or neighborhood; when I refuse for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or if I see an uncommon endowment of Heaven, if I see extraordinary capacity or virtue in any son of the South, and if, moved by local prejudice, or gangrened by state jealousy, I get up here to abate a tithe of a hair from his just character and just fame,—may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!

Sir, let me recur to pleasing recollections; let me indulge in refreshing remembrance of the past; let me remind you that in early times no states cherished greater harmony, both or

principle and feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God that harmony might again return. Shoulder to shoulder they went through the Revolution; hand in hand they stood round the administration of Washington, and felt his own great arm lean on them for support. Unkind feeling, if it exist, alienation, and distrust are the growth, unnatural to such soils, of false principles since sown. They are weeds, the seeds of which that same great arm never scattered.

Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts. She needs none. There she is; behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history; the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill; and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, fallen in the great struggle for independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every state from New England to Georgia; and there they will lie forever. And sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood, and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it; if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it; if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraint, shall succeed in separating it from that Union by which alone its existence is made sure,—it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked; it will stretch forth its arm, with whatever vigor it may still retain, over the friends who gather around it; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amid the proudest monuments of its glory, and on the very spot of its origin.

I profess, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad.

It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and, although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, personal happiness.

I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counselor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union should be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it shall be broken up and destroyed. While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day at least, that curtain may not rise. God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind.

When my eyes turn to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may they not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds;

or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood. Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather, behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced ; its arms and trophies streaming in all their original lustre ; not a stripe erased or polluted ; not a single star obscured ; bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as "What is all this worth ?" nor those other words of delusion and folly, "Liberty first, and Union afterward," but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, and blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every American heart—"Liberty AND Union—now and forever—one and inseparable."

Daniel Webster.

Address at the Dedication of the National Cemetery

GETTYSBURG, NOVEMBER 19, 1863.

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created free and equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived or so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we

cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us,—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Abraham Lincoln.

EVERETT'S REMARKS CONCERNING LINCOLN'S SPEECH

It is said that Edward Everett, the orator of the day, grasped President Lincoln's hand, with congratulations, adding that he would gladly give the hundred pages of his oration to be the author of Lincoln's twenty lines. This has been denied by some who assert that Mr. Everett said nothing of the kind. Be this as it may, it is certain that the same thought is contained in a letter written by him to the President on his return to Washington, the day after the ceremony. While it probably does not repeat the exact words said by him to Lincoln at Gettysburg, it is certainly what he wrote and what he thought

twenty-four hours after hearing the President's speech. The Massachusetts orator's letter runs thus :

WASHINGTON, NOVEMBER 20, 1863.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN,

My Dear Sir :—Not wishing to intrude upon your privacy, when you must be very much engaged, I beg leave in this way to thank you very sincerely for your great thoughtfulness for my daughter's accommodation on the platform yesterday.

Permit me, also, to express my great admiration of the thoughts expressed by you with such eloquent simplicity and appropriateness at the consecration of the cemetery. I should be glad if I could flatter myself that I came as near to the central idea of the occasion in two hours as you did in two minutes. My son, who parted from me at Baltimore, and my daughter concur in this sentiment. I remain, dear sir,

Most respectfully yours.

EDWARD EVERETT.

On the death of Lincoln, Walt Whitman wrote the beautiful poem, "O Captain! my Captain!", a lyric so intense and finished that it completely disarms all criticism of much of his other work—his "barbaric yawp," as somebody has called it—and easily places him among the greater poets.

O Captain! My Captain!

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done ;
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won.
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring.

But O heart! heart! heart!

O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my captain! rise up and hear the bells;
 Rise up—for you the flag is flung, for you the bugle trills;—
 For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths; for you the shore's
 a-crowding;—

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning.

Here Captain! dear father!

 This arm beneath your head;

It is some dream that on the deck

 You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
 My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
 The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done;
 From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won.

Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells,

 But I, with mournful tread,

Walk the deck where my captain lies

 Fallen cold and dead.

Walt Whitman.

Watch-words of Patriotism

— I —

I will try, sir.—*Col. Miller.*

Don't give up the ship.—*Capt. Lawrence.*

We have met the enemy and they are ours.—*Com. Perry.*

The Union must and shall be preserved.—*Andrew Jackson.*

Is slavery wrong? That is the real issue.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute.—*C. Pinckney.*

I require no guard but the affections of the people.—*George Washington.*

I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer.—*U. S. Grant.*

Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.—*Daniel Webster.*

Sink or swim ; live or die ; survive or perish ; I am for the Declaration.—*John Adams.*

If any one attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot.—*Gen. Dix.*

I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death !—*Patrick Henry.*

— II —

I express it as my conviction before God, that it is the duty of every American citizen to rally round the flag of his country.—*Stephen A. Douglass.*

I have served my country under the flag of the Union for more than fifty years; and as long as God permits me to live I will defend the flag with my sword even if my own state assails it.—*Gen. Scott.*

We hold these truths to be self-evident ; that all men are created equal ; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.—*Thomas Jefferson.*

Every good citizen makes his country's honor his own, and cherishes it, not only as precious, but as sacred. He is willing to risk his life in its defence, and is conscious that he gains protection while giving it.—*Andrew Jackson.*

The moment I heard of America, I loved her. The moment I heard she was fighting for freedom, I burned with a desire of bleeding for her, and the moment I shall be able to serve her at any time, or in any part of the world, will be the happiest one of my life.—*Lafayette*.

— III —

With malice toward none, with charity toward all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, and do all which may achieve a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all other nations.—*Abraham Lincoln*.

I love freedom better than slavery, and I will speak her words ; I will listen to her music ; I will acknowledge her impulses ; I will stand beneath her flag ; I will fight in her ranks ; and when I do so, I shall find myself surrounded by the great, the wise, the good, the brave, the noble of every land.—*E. D. Baker*.

Let our object be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country. And by the blessing of God, may that country itself become a vast and splendid monument, not of oppression and terror, but of wisdom, of peace, of liberty, upon which the world may gaze, with admiration, forever.—*Daniel Webster*.

— IV —

Tell me, ye who make your pious pilgrimages to the shades of Mt. Vernon, is Washington indeed shut up in that cold and narrow house ? That which made these men and men like these cannot die. The hand that traced the charter of independence is, indeed, motionless ; the eloquent lips that sustained it are hushed ; but the lofty spirits that conceived, resolved, and maintained it, and which alone, to such men, make it life to live—these cannot expire.—*Edward Everett*.

But the colonial timepiece kept ticking, ticking to the pressure of the English government, the giant wheels playing calmly till 1775, when there was a strange stir and buzz within the case. But the sixtieth minute came, and the clock struck.

The world heard ;—the battle of Lexington,—*one*; the Declaration of Independence,—*two*; the surrender of Burgoyne, *three*; the seige of Yorktown, *four*; the treaty of Paris, *five*; the inauguration of Washington, *six*; and then it was sunrise of the new day, of which we have yet seen only the glorious forenoon.

Tho. Starr King.

— V —

O glorious flag ! red, white, and blue,
Bright emblem of the pure and true ;
O glorious group of clustering stars !
Ye lines of light, ye crimson bars,
Trampled in dust by traitor feet,
Once more your flowing folds we greet
Triumphant over all defeat ;
Henceforth in every clime to be,
Unfading scarf of liberty,
The ensign of the brave and free.

E. J. Preston.

— VI —

Wave, starry flag, on high !
Float in the sunny sky !
Stream o'er the stormy tide !
For every stripe of stainless hue,
And every star in field of blue,
Ten thousand of the brave and true
Have laid them down and died.

Honored on Land and Sea

Red, white, and blue, wave on !
 Never may sire or son
 Thy glory mar ;
 Sacred to liberty,
 Honored on land and sea,
 Unsoiled for ever be
 Each stripe and star.—*W. P. Tilden.*

— VII —

God bless the flag ! let it float and fill
 The sky with its beauty ; our heart-strings thrill
 To the low, sweet chant of its wind-swept bars,
 And the chorus of all its clustering stars.
 Embrace it, O mothers, and heroes shall grow,
 While its colors blush warm o'er your bosoms of snow;
 Defend it, O fathers, there's no sweeter death,
 Than to flaunt its fair folds with a soldier's last breath;
 And love it, O children, be true to the sires,
 Who wove it in pain by the old camp-fires.

Samuel L. Simpson.

— VIII —

When Freedom from her mountain height
 Unfurled her standard to the air,
 She tore the azure robe of night,
 And set the stars of glory there ;
 She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
 The milky baldric of the skies,
 And striped its pure, celestial white
 With streakings of the morning light :
 Then from his mansion in the sun
 She called her eagle bearer down,

And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angel hands to valor given!
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

J. R. Drake.

— IX —

A song for our banner? The watch-word recall
Which gave the Republic her station;
"United we stand—divided we fall!"
It made and preserved us a nation.
The union of lakes—the union of lands—
The union of states none can sever—
The union of hearts—the union of hands—
And the flag of our Union forever.

Geo. P. Morris.

— X —

Who would sever Freedom's shrine?
Who would draw the invidious line?
Though, by birth, one spot be mine,
Dear is all the rest!
Dear to me, the South's fair land!
Dear, the central mountain band!
Dear, New England's rocky strand!
Dear, the prairied West!

By our altars, pure and free!
 By our laws' deep-rooted tree!
 By the past's dread memory!
 By our Washington!
 By our common kindred tongue!
 By our hopes, bright, buoyant, young!
 By the ties of country strong!
 We will still be one!

Fathers! have we bled in vain?
 Ages! must ye sleep again?
 Maker! shall we rashly stain
 Blessings sent by Thee?
 No! receive our common vow,
 While before Thy throne we bow,
 Ever to defend, as now,
 Home and liberty!—*Theo. S. Grimke.*

— XI —

'Thou, too, sail on, O ship of state!
 Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
 Humanity with all its fears,
 With all the hopes of future years,
 Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
 We know what Master laid thy keel,
 What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
 Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
 What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
 In what a forge and what a heat
 Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
 Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
 'Tis of the wave and not the rock;

'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale !
In spite of rocks and tempests roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea !
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee !

Longfellow.

— XII —

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle !
Be a hero in the strife !—*Longfellow.*

— XIII —

But whether on the scaffold high
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place where man can die
Is where he dies for man.—*M. F. Barry.*

— XIV —

So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.—*Longfellow.*

— XV —

Peace to the brave who nobly fell
Beneath our flag, their hope and pride !
They fought like heroes long and well
And then like heroes died.—*Adams.*

Leonidas and Washington

Where may the wearied eye repose,
 When gazing on the great ;
 Where neither guilty glory glows,
 Nor despicable state ?
 Yes,—one,—the first, the last, the best,—
 The Cincinnatus of the West,
 Whom envy dared not hate,—
 Bequeathed the name of Washington,
 To make men blush there was but one.—*Byron.*

— XVI —

Leonidas and Washington,
 Whose every battle-field is holy ground,
 Which breathes of nations saved, not worlds undone :
 How sweetly on the ear such echoes sound !
 While the mere victors may appal or stun
 The servile and the vain, such names will be
 A watchword till the Future shall be free.—*Byron.*

— XVII —

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
 By all their country's wishes blest !
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod,
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.
 By fairy hands their knell is rung,
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
 There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;
 And Freedom shall awhile repair,
 To dwell, a weeping hermit, there.—*Collins.*

We give thy natal day to hope,
O Country of our love and prayer!
Thy way is down no fatal slope,
But up to freer sun and air.

— XVIII —

O Land of lands! to thee we give
Our prayers, our hopes, our service free;
For thee thy sons shall nobly live,
And at thy need shall die for thee!

— XIX —

The proudest now is but my peer,
The highest not more high;
To-day, of all the weary year,
A king of men am I.
To-day, alike are great and small,
The nameless and the known;
My palace is the people's hall,
The ballot-box my throne.—*Whittier.*

— XX —

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.

Fitz-Greene Halleck.

— XXI —

Those that by their deeds make known
Whose dignity they do sustain;
And life, state, glory, all they gain,
Count the republic's, not their own.—*Ben Jonson.*

Manhood is the One Immortal Thing

Treading the path to noble ends,
 A long farewell to love I gave;
 Resolved my country and my friends
 All that remained of me should have.

Waller.

— XXII —

Life may be given in many ways,
 And loyalty to truth be sealed
 As bravely in the closet as the field,
 So generous is fate;
 But then to stand beside her
 When craven churls deride her,
 To front a lie in arms and not to yield,—
 This shows, methinks, God's plan
 And measure of a stalwart man.—*Lowell.*

— XXIII —

For manhood is the one immortal thing
 Beneath time's changeful sky;
 And where it lightened once, from age to age,
 Men came to learn in grateful pilgrimage,
 That length of days is knowing how to die.
Lowell.

— XXIV —

When a deed is done for freedom, through the broad earth's
 aching breast
 Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east to west,
 And the slave where'er he cowers, feels the soul within him climb
 To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime
 Of a century, bursts full-blossomed on the thorny stem of time.
Lowell.

— XXV —

One may live as a conqueror, a king, or a magistrate; but he must die as a man.—*Daniel Webster.*

One of the illusions is that the present hour is not the critical, decisive hour. Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year.—*Emerson.*

To persevere in one's duty and to be silent is the best answer to calumny.—*Washington.*

Schoolhouses are the republican line of fortifications.—*Horace Mann.*

The strength of a nation, especially a republican nation, is in the intelligent and well-ordered homes of its people.—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

Of all the whole sum of human life no small part is that which consists of a man's relation to his country, and his feelings concerning it.—*Gladstone.*

Be just and fear not; let all the ends thou aimest at, be thy country's, thy God's, and truth's.—*Shakespeare.*

He was the bravest citizen of Rome, that did most love and serve his country; and he the saint among the Jews who most loved Zion.—*Baxter.*

I do love my country's good with a respect more tender, more holy and profound than mine own life.—*Shakespeare.*

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.—*Jefferson.*

He did the two greatest things which, in politics, man can have the privilege of attempting. He maintained, by peace, that independence of his country, which he had acquired by war. He founded a free government, in the name of the principles of order, and by re-establishing their sway.—*M. Guizot.*

The proper means of increasing the love we bear to our native country, is to reside for some time in a foreign one.—*Shenstone*.

Give me the centralism of liberty ; give me the imperialism of equal rights.—*Sumner*.

Above all other liberties, give me the liberty to know, to think, to believe, and to utter freely, according to conscience.—*Milton*.

I believe it is not a superstitious sentiment that leads to the conviction that God has watched over our national life from its beginning. Who will say that the things worthy of God's regard and fostering care are unworthy of the touch of the wisest and best of men.—*Grover Cleveland*.

To him who denies or doubts whether our fervid liberty can be combined with law, with order, with the security of property, with the pursuits and advancement of happiness ; to him who denies that our forms of government are capable of producing exaltation of soul, and the passion of true glory ; to him who denies that we have contributed anything to the stock of great lessons and great examples—to all these I reply by pointing to Washington.—*Daniel Webster*.

The Republic may perish ; the wide arch of our varied Union may fall ; star by star its glories may expire ; stone by stone its columns and its capitol may molder and crumble ; all other names which adorn its annals may be forgotten ;—but as long as human hearts shall anywhere pant, or human tongues shall anywhere plead for a true, rational, and constitutional liberty, those hearts shall enshrine the memory, and those tongues prolong the fame of George Washington.—*Robert C. Winthrop*.

When the excitement of party warfare presses dangerously near our national safeguards, I would have the intelligent conservatism of our universities and colleges warn the contestants

in impressive tones against the perils of a breach impossible to repair. When popular discontent and passion are stimulated by the arts of designing partisans to a pitch perilously near to class hatred or sectional anger, I would have our universities and colleges sound the alarm in the name of American brotherhood and fraternal dependence.—*Grover Cleveland.*

— XXVI —

Land of the forest and the rock—
Of dark blue lake and mighty river—
Of mountain reared aloft to mock
The storm's career, the lightning's shock :
My own green land forever!
Oh ! never may a son of thine,
Where'er his wandering feet incline,
Forget the sky that bent above
His childhood like a dream of love !

Whittier.

— XXVII —

Point to the sunmits where the brave have bled,
Where every village claims its glorious dead ;
Say, when their bosoms met the bayonet's shock,
Their only corslet was the rustic frock ;
Say, when they mustered to the gathering horn,
The titled chieftain curled his lip in scorn,
Yet, when their leader bade his lines advance,
No musket wavered in the lion's glance ;
Say, when they fainted in the forced retreat,
They tracked the snowdrifts with their bloody feet,
Yet still their banners, tossing in the blast,
Bore *Ever Ready*, faithful to the last.

Holmes.

— XXVIII —

Our country first, their glory and their pride,
 Land of their hopes, land where their fathers died,
 When in the right, they'll keep thy honor bright,
 When in the wrong, they'll die to set it right.

J. S. Fields.

— XXIX —

Man, through all ages of revolving time,
 Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
 Deems his own land of every land the pride,
 Beloved of Heaven o'er all the world beside.

Montgomery.

— XXX —

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 'This is my own, my native land?
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
 As home his footsteps he hath turned,
 From wandering on a foreign strand?
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well,—
 For him no minstrel raptures swell;
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch, concentered all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And, doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

Walter Scott.

— XXXI —

Stoop angels, hither from the skies ;
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
By mourning beauty crowned.

Henry Timrod.

Sound, sound the clarion ! fill the fife !
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

Walter Scott.

Westward the course of empire takes its way ;
The first four acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day ;
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

Bishop Berkley.

(Original closing lines of the "American Flag")

And fixed as yonder orb divine
That saw thy bannered blaze unfurled,
Shall thy proud stars resplendent shine,
The guard and glory of the world.—*Drake.*

— XXXII —

They sought not gold nor guilty ease
Upon that rock-bound shore,—
They left such prizeless toys as these
To those that loved them more.
They sought to breathe a freer air,
To worship God unchained ;
They welcomed pain and danger here,
When rights like these were gained.

— XXXIII —

Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
 The queen of the world and the child of the skies !
 Thy genius commands thee ; with rapture behold
 While ages on ages thy splendors unfold.
 Thy reign is the last, and the noblest of time ;
 Most fruitful thy soil, most inviting thy clime ;
 Let the crimes of the East ne'er encrimson thy name
 Be freedom and science and virtue thy fame.

Timothy Dwight.

— XXXIV —

They never fail who die
 In a great cause. The block may soak their gore ;
 Their heads may sodden in the sun ; their limbs
 Be strung to city gates or castle walls ;
 But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years
 Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,
 They but augment the great and sweeping thoughts
 That overspread all others, and conduct
 The world at last to freedom.—*Byron.*

— XXXV —

Lord of the Universe ! shield us and guide us ;
 Trusting Thee always through shadow and sun !
 Thou hast united us,—who shall divide us ?
 • Keep us, oh keep us the many in one !
 Up with our banner bright,
 Sprinkled with starry light,
 Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
 While through the sounding sky,
 Loud rings the nation's cry,
 Union and Liberty ! One evermore !—*Holmes.*

— XXXVI —

Public office is a public trust.—*Grover Cleveland.*

One, on God's side, is a majority.—*Wendell Phillips.*

I would rather be right than be president.—*Henry Clay.*

The crime makes the shame, not the scaffold.—*Charlotte Corday.*

A great country can have no such thing as a little war.—*Wellington.*

This government does not depend upon the life of any man.—*Lincoln.*

I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country.—*Nathan Hale.*

He serves his party best, who serves the country best.—*Rutherford B. Hayes.*

Lincoln was the true representative of this continent.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

The government of the people, by the people, and for the people.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

Whether in chains or in laurels, liberty knows nothing but victories.—*Wendell Phillips.*

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.—*Bible.*

I don't think much of a man who is not wiser to-day than he was yesterday.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

If a sparrow cannot fall without God's knowledge, how can an empire rise without his aid?—*Franklin.*

Of all human things nothing is more honorable or excellent than to deserve well of one's country.—*Cicero.*

And can we deem it strange that from their planting such a branch should bloom as nations envy?—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

— XXXVII —

I know no North, no South, no East, no West.—*Henry Clay.*

I was born an American ; I live an American ; I shall die an American.—*Webster.*

I am going into Mobile Bay in the morning if “God is my leader,” as I hope he is.—*Admiral Farragut.*

Pity me not. I am happier than you ; for I am fighting to be free, while you are striving to enslave your countrymen.—*Francis Marion.*

I know that I have the body of a weak and feeble woman ; but I have the heart of a king, and of a king of England too.—*Queen Elizabeth.*

If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms,—never ! never ! never !—*Lord Chatham.*

That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.—*Johnson.*

When peace with victory comes, there will be some black men who will remember that with silent tongue, and clenched teeth, and steady eye, and well-poised bayonet, they have helped on mankind to this great consummation ; while I fear there will be some white ones unable to forget that with malignant heart and deceitful speech they have striven to hinder and prevent it.—*Lincoln.*

Lincoln will stand out in the traditions of the world as the incarnation of the people and of modern democracy itself. His name will continue one of the greatest that history has to inscribe on its annals.

As statesman, ruler, and liberator, civilization will hold the name of Lincoln in perpetual honor.—*Nicolay.*

He comes back to us, his work finished, the republic vindicated, its enemies overthrown, suing for peace. He left us, asking that the prayers of the people might be offered to Almighty God for wisdom and help to see the right path and pursue it. Those prayers were answered. He accomplished his work, and now the prayers of the people ascend for help to bear the great affliction which has fallen upon them. Slain as no other man has been slain, cut down while interposing his great charity and mercy between the wrath of the people and guilty traitors, the people of Chicago tenderly receive the sacred ashes with bowed head and streaming eyes.—*Chicago Tribune*.

PATRIOTIC POEMS

A Wanderer

I have lingered in ivy-grown bowers,
In minsters and palaces vast,
Amid castles and crumbling towers
Whose shadows backward are cast;
But the longed-for Atlantis is ours,
And freedom interprets at last
The dream of the past.

The rivers of story and song,
The Danube, the Elbe, and the Rhine,
Entrance for a day, but I long
For the dear old Hudson of mine;
The Hudson, where memories throng,
Where love's fondest tendrils entwine,
Of beauty the shrine.

Like music entranced in a dream
Glide the Afton, the Doon, and the Ayr;
But the Jansen—the clear Jansen stream,
In one heart shall their melody share;
And my soul still reflects its bright gleam,
For I played in my childhood there,
When visions were fair.

I have heard the sweet chiming of bells
From the Seine to the Avon and Dee,
But sweeter the anthem that swells
From the pine-clad Sierras to me;
And the Sabbath-like stillness that dwells
In these mountains far up from the sea,
Lake Tahoe with thee.

I have wandered the wide world o'er,
I have sailed over many a sea,
But the land that I love more and more
Is Columbia, the land of the free.
From the east to the western shore,
From the north to the southern sea,
Columbia for me!

Wallace Bruce.

The Landing of the Pilgrims

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They the true-hearted, came ;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame ;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear :
They shook the depths of the forest's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amid the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea ;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean-eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared :
This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
Amid that pilgrim band ;
Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land ?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth ;
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

A Wierd, Discordant Howl

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they found,—
Freedom to worship God!

Felicia Hemans.

Freedom's Songs in School

Close to the street, with bare red wall,
The grim old schoolhouse stands;
Its iron bell, like duty's call,
Rings out its stern commands.

And every morning as we pass
The village street along,
We hear the voices of the class
Ring out the Nation's song.

The small boy's treble piping clear,
The larger boy's low growl,
And from the boy who has no ear,
A wierd, discordant howl.

With swelling hearts we hear them sing,
"My country, 'tis of thee"—
From childish throats the anthem ring,
"Sweet land of liberty."

Their little hearts aglow with pride,
Each, with exultant tongue,
Proclaims, "From every mountain side
Let Freedom's song be sung."

Let him who'd criticise the time,
Or scout the harmony,
Betake him to some other clime—
No patriot is he.

From scenes like these our grandeur springs,
And we shall e'er be strong,
While o'er the land the schoolhouse rings
Each day with Freedom's song.—*Anon.*

Breathe Balmy Airs

For Memorial Day

Breathe balmy airs, ye fragrant flowers,
O'er every silent sleeper's head ;
Ye crystal dewes and summer showers,
Dress in fresh green each lowly bed.

Strew loving offerings o'er the brave,
Their country's joy, their country's pride ;
For us their precious lives they gave,
For freedom's sacred cause they died.

Each cherished name its place shall hold,
Like stars that gem the azure sky ;
Their deeds on history's page enrolled,
Are sealed for immortality.

On Glory's Fields They Fell

Long, where on glory's fields they fell,
 May freedom's spotless banner wave ;
 And fragrant tributes, grateful, tell
 Where live the free, where sleep the brave.

S. F. Smith.

The Old Continentals

In their ragged regimentals
 Stood the old Continentals,
 Yielding not
 When the grenadiers were lunging
 And like hail fell the plunging
 Cannon shot ;
 Where the files
 Of the isles
 From the smoky night encampment
 Bore the banner of the rampant
 Unicorn ;
 And grummer, grummer, grummer,
 Rolled the roll of the drummer
 Through the morn.
 Then the old-fashioned colonel
 Galloped through the white infernal
 Powder cloud ;
 And his broad sword was swinging,
 And his brazen throat was ringing ,
 Trumpet loud ;
 There the blue
 Bullets flew,

And the troopers' jackets redden
At the touch of the leaden
 Rifle breath ;
And rounder, rounder, rounder,
Roared the iron six-pounder
 Hurling Death.
The old Continentals
In their ragged regimentals
 Faltered not.

Knickerbocker Magazine.

Martyrs for Freedom

For Memorial Day

"Forward !" was the word when day
Dawned upon the armed array.

"Fallen !" was the word when night
Closed upon the field of fight.

"Hurt, my boy ?" "Oh, no ! Not much !"
"Only got a little touch !"

"Wonder what the folks would say,
If they knew the news to-day ?"

* * * * *

"Forward !" was the word that flashed
Homeward when the cannon crashed.

"Fallen ?" "Yes ; he fell, they say,
In the thickest of the fray !"

Entered her Gethsemane

"Died last night !" the message said
Thus the morrow's papers read.

One young heart that heard that word
Fluttered like a wounded bird.

One was broken ! Bowed her head !
"Mother ! Mother ! Mother's dead !"

* * * * *

Two green graves we'll deck to-day,
Son's and mother's side by side;
None will dare to tell us "Nay !"
Both for right and freedom died.

While we honor him who fell
In the fiercest of the fray,
We will honor her as well
Lying by his side to-day.

Let the flowers forever fair,
Bloom above our fallen braves;
While the angels guard them there,
Glory lingers o'er their graves.

Long ago one sweet young soul
Entered her Gethsemane,
Death to her the greatest goal,
As it must to many be !

But life lingers—Oh ! so long !
And the years so weary grow !

Tears have choked her heart's sweet song,
Dimmed those eyes that used to glow!

Oh! the bleeding, broken hearts,
Living long their lingering death,
Pierced by countless cruel darts,
Smothered sobs beneath each breath.

Comrades! Call the roll again!
Write their names on glory's page!
Those who bore the grief and pain,
Fiercer far than battle's rage!

Now they lie there side by side,
He who fell in martial strife—
Mother,—and his gentle bride
Dearer to him than his life.

As you deck his grave again,
Write her name—but not beneath!
By her agony and pain
Crown her grave with fairest wreath!

Angels! Call the roll again!
Write her name above the stars!
For her patient faith in pain,
Deeper far than battle scars!

Three green graves we deck to-day,
This the third, where lies his bride—
None will dare to tell us "Nay!"
For these three for freedom died!

New York Evening Post.

Our Flag

A Pupil appears with the Flag in his hand

Oh, flag of a resolute nation,
Oh, flag of the strong and free,
The cherished of true-hearted millions,
We hallow thy colors three !
Three proud, floating emblems of glory,
Our guide for the coming time ;
The red, white, and blue, in their beauty,
Love gives them a meaning sublime.

Thy red is the deep crimson life-stream,
Which flowed on the battle-plain,
Redeeming our land from oppression,
And leaving no servile stain.
Thy white is a proud people's honor,
Kept spotless and clear as light ;
A pledge of unfaltering justice,
A symbol of truth and right.

Thy blue is our nation's endurance,
And points to the blue above ;
The limitless measureless azure,
A type of our Father's love.
Thy stars are God's witness of blessing,
And smile at the foeman's frown ;
They sparkle and gleam in their splendor,
Bright gems in the great world's crown.

Montgomery.



Our Flag is There

Recitation when a new Flag is raised on the Schoolhouse

Our flag is there, our flag is there !

We'll greet it with three loud huzzas.

Our flag is there, our flag is there !

Behold the glorious stripes and stars.

Stout hearts have fought for that bright flag,

Strong hands sustained it mast-head high,

And, oh, to see how proud it waves

Brings tears of joy to every eye.

That flag withstood the battle's roar,

With foemen stout, with foemen brave ;

Strong hands have sought that flag to lower,

And found a speedy watery grave.

That flag is known on every shore,

The standard of a gallant band,

Alike unstained in peace and war,

It floats o'er Freedom's happy land.

A Naval Officer of 1812.

Patriotism

Recitation for Columbus Day

There is a land, of every land the pride,

Beloved by Heaven, o'er all the world beside ;

Where brighter suns dispense serener light,

And milder moons imparadise the night ;

A land of beauty, virtue, valor, truth,

Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth ;

The wandering mariner, whose eye explores

The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,

The Song of the Camp

Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air ;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole ;
For in this land of Heaven's peculiar grace—
The heritage of nature's noblest race—
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and scepter, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend ;
Here woman reigns ; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life ;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of love and graces lie ;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
"Where shall that *land*, that *spot* of earth be found?"
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around ;
Oh, thou shall find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home !

James Montgomery.

From "The Song of the Camp"

They sang of love, and not of fame ;
Forgot was Britain's glory :
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong,—
Their battle-eve confession.

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer dumb and gory ;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers ! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing :
The bravest are the tenderest,—
The loving are the daring.

Bayard Taylor.

Flag of the Brave

Noble Republic ! happiest of lands !
Foremost of nations Columbia stands.
Freedom's proud banner floats in the skies
Where shouts of Liberty daily arise !
United we stand, divided we fall,
Union forever, freedom for all.

Should ever traitor rise in the land
Cursed be his homestead, withered his hand,
Shame be his memory, scorn be his lot,
Exile his heritage, his name a blot.
United we stand, divided we fall,
Granting a home and freedom to all.

Beneath Thy Rays Our Fathers Bled

To all her heroes, justice and fame,
To all her foes a traitor's foul name ;
Our stripes and stars still proudly shall wave,
Emblem of Liberty—flag of the brave.
United we stand, divided we fall,
Gladly we'll die at our country's call.

Harrison Millard.

Freedom's Flag

Our country's flag ! O, emblem dear
Of all the soul loves best !
What glories in thy folds appear
Let noble deeds attest.
Thy presence on the field of strife
Enkindles valor's flame,
Around thee in the hour of peace
We twine our nation's fame.

Beneath thy rays our fathers bled
In Freedom's holy cause ;
Where'er to heaven thy folds outspread,
Prevail sweet Freedom's laws.
Prosperity has marked thy course
O'er all the land and sea ;
Thy favored sons in distant climes,
Still fondly look to thee.

Proud banner of the noble free
Emblazoned from on high !
Long may thy folds unsoiled reflect
The glories of the sky !

Long may thy land be Freedom's land,
Thy homes with virtue bright,
Thy sons a brave united band,
For God, for Truth, for Right.

John J. Hood.

Pulaski's Banner

Count Casimir Pulaski was presented with a beautiful banner of crimson silk embroidered by the Moravian nuns or single sisters. The brave Pole received it with grateful acknowledgments, and bore it gallantly through many a conflict, until he fell at Savannah in 1779. On one side of the banner were the letters U. S., and, in a circle around them, the motto, UNITAS VIRTUS FORTIOR—"Union makes valor stronger." On the other side was a representation of the All-seeing Eye, with thirteen stars and the words NON ALIUS REGIT—"No other governs."

When the dying flame of day
Through the chancel shot its ray,
Far the glimmering tapers shed
Faint light on the cowled head;
And the censer burning swung,
Where, before the altar, hung
The crimson banner, that with prayer
Had been consecrated there.
And the nuns' sweet hymn was heard the while,
Sung low, in the dim, mysterious aisle.

"Take thy banner! May it wave
Proudly o'er the good and brave;
When the battle's distant wail
Breaks the sabbath of our vale,

His Martial Cloak and Shroud

When the clarion's music thrills,
To the hearts of these lone hills,
When the spear in conflict shakes,
And the strong lance shivering breaks.

"Take thy banner ! and, beneath
The battle-cloud's encircling wreath,
Guard it, till our homes are free !
Guard it ! God will prosper thee !
In the dark and trying hour,
In the breaking forth of power,
In the rush of steeds and men,
His right hand will shield thee then.

"Take thy banner ! But when night
Closes round the ghastly fight
If the vanquished warrior bow,
Spare him ! By our holy vow,
By our prayers and many tears,
By the mercy that endears,
Spare him ! he our love hath shared !
Spare him ! as thou wouldst be spared !

"Take thy banner ! and if e'er
Thou shouldst press the soldier's bier,
And the muffled drum should beat
To the tread of mournful feet,
Then this crimson flag shall be
Martial cloak and shroud for thee."

The warrior took that banner proud,
And it was his martial cloak and shroud !

Longfellow.

The Flag of our Union Forever

A song for our banner, the watch-word recall,
Which gave the Republic her station,
"United we stand, divided we fall,"
It made and preserved us a nation.

What God in his infinite wisdom designed,
And armed with the weapons of thunder,
Not all the earth's despots or factions combined
Have the power to conquer or sunder.

The union of lakes, the union of lands,
The union of states none can sever,
The union of hearts, the union of hands,
And the flag of our union to forever.

George P. Morris.

The Battle-Flags

Nothing but flags ;—but simple flags,
Tattered and torn and hanging in rags ;
And we walk beneath them with careless tread,
Nor think of the hosts of the mighty dead,
Who have marched beneath them in days gone by,
With a burning cheek and a kindling eye,
And have bathed their folds with their young life's tide,
And dying, blessed them—and blessing, died.

Nothing but flags ;—yet methinks at night
They tell each other their tales of fright ;
And dim spectres come, and their thin arms twine
Round each standard torn, as they stand in line.

Nothing but Flags

As the word is given—they charge, they form,
 And the dim hall rings with the battle-storm:
 And once again through the smoke and strife
 Those colors lead to a nation's life.

Nothing but flags ;—yet they're bathed with tears.
 They tell of triumphs—of hopes—of fears :
 Of mothers' prayers,—of a boy away,—
 Of a serpent crushed,—of the coming day.
 Silent they speak, and the tear will start,
 As we stand beneath them with throbbing heart,
 And think of those who are ne'er forgot ;—
 Their flags come home,—why come *they* not ?

Nothing but flags;—yet we hold our breath,
 And gaze with awe at those types of death.
 Nothing but flags ;—yet the thought will come,
 The heart must pray though the lips be dumb.
 They are sacred, pure, and we see no stain
 On those dear loved flags come home again ;
 Baptized in blood our purest, best,
 Tattered and torn. they're now at rest.

Moses Owen.

Bunker Hill

No shout disturbed the night,
 Before that fearful fight ;
 There was no boasting high—
 No marshalling of men,
 Who ne'er might meet again—
 No cup was filled and quaffed to Victory !

No plumes were there,
No banners fair,
 No trumpets breathed around ;
 Nor drum with startling sound
Broke on the midnight air.

John Neal.

Spirit of Seventy-Six

I glory in the sages
 Who in the days of yore,
In combat met the foemen,
 And drove them from the shore ;
Who flung our banner's starry field
 In triumph to the breeze,
And spread broad maps of cities where
 Once waved the forest trees.
 Hurrah !

I glory in the spirit
 Which goaded them to rise,
And form a mighty nation
 Beneath the western skies.
No clime so bright and beautiful
 As that where sets the sun ;
No land so fertile, fair, and free
 As that of Washington.
 Hurrah !

George P. Morris.

True Patriotism

What constitutes a State?
 Not high raised battlement or labored mound,
 Thick wall or moated gate;
 Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
 Not bays and broad-armed ports,
 Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
 Not starred and spangled courts,
 Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
 No:—MEN, high-minded men,
 With powers as far above dull brutes endued
 In forest, brake, or den,
 As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude—
 Men who their duties know,
 But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,
 Prevent the long-aimed blow,
 And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:
 These constitute a state.

Sir William Jones.

The Blue and the Gray

The following beautiful poem was composed by JUDGE FRANCIS MILES FINCH, 1867, to commemorate the noble action of the women of Columbus, Mississippi, who on Decoration Day strewed flowers alike on the graves of the Federal and Confederate soldiers. In pathos and beauty of sentiment it is one of the finest poems in the English language. The beauties of antithesis were never better illustrated than in this poem. Words are wedded to the sense, as will be seen in the solemn English forms "calleth" and "falleth." It is certain that this poem "In the storm of the years that are fading" has done much to heal the wounds of both friend and foe, and to allay sectional strife.

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead,—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;—
Under the one, the Blue ;
Under the other, the Gray.

Those, in the robings of glory,
These, in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet ;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;—
Under the laurel, the Blue ;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe ;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;—
Under the roses, the Blue ;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch, impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all ;—

No More shall the War-Cry Sever

Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;—
'Broidered with gold, the Blue ;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain ;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;—
Wet with the rain, the Blue ;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done;
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won ;—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;—
Under the blossoms, the Blue ;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red ;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead !
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;—
Love and tears for the Blue ;
Tears and love for the Gray.

F. M. Finch.

FLAG DRILLS, EXERCISES, ETC.

A FLAG DRILL



FIG. 9.

A very fine exercise for the celebration of Memorial Day or Washington's 'Birthday' is the Flag Drill which may be given by sixteen pupils; but twenty-six would add to its effectiveness. Thirteen boys and thirteen girls should be chosen for the exercise; they may be dressed in Colonial costumes, although the simple white dresses of the girls, and the plain clothes of the boys may be made sufficiently ornamental by the addition of sashes,—some red, some white, and some blue. The flags should be about 16 x 24 in size, and mounted upon long and slender flag-staffs. The fundamental position of the flag in marching should be in front of the right shoulder—the regular military position of “carry arms.”

I. The class enters upon the stage in two lines, the half from one side (*a*) and half from the other (*b*). The leader (*boy*) of the first section wears a red sash, while the leader (*girl*) of the other section wears a blue sash; the second pupil (*girl*) of the first section wears a blue sash, the third pupil (*boy*) a white sash, and so on to the end of the line. The line entering at (*a*)

marches to the back of the stage, along the entire length, then towards the front, thence along the entire front, and then to-

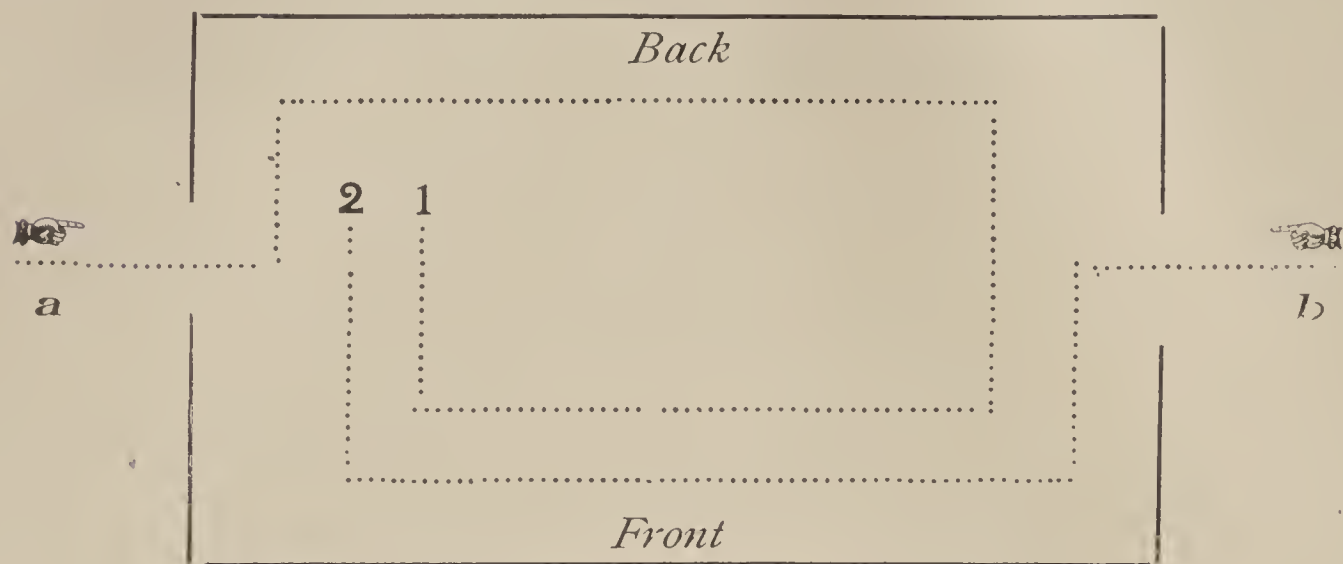


FIG. 10.

ward the back, where the leader (1) meets the leader (2) of the other line. This line has entered upon the stage at (b), and with somewhat shorter steps has marched along the left side, then turned to the front, thence along the entire front, then toward the back to meet the leader (1) of the first line. The marching song is "Yankee Doodle."

II. As partners (1) and (2) meet and turn to the back of the stage, the members of line (b) change flags from right to left side. The double line marches around the stage three or four times, and then, at a given signal, the partners cross flags and make the circuit of the stage again. Music changes to "Marching through Georgia."

III. The double lines, marching to the left along the back of the stage, halt at the



FIG. 11.

change of music, and face to the front. Arranged as in Fig. 12 in quincuncial order, each line advances four or five steps directly toward the front, the pupils holding the flags somewhat inclined to the front. Then by taking four or five steps backward—flags in front of right shoulder—the lines return to their former positions.

IV. The preceding figure is repeated, except that the flags are held inclined to the left (Fig. 9), and when the lines reach the front the flags are waved as in Fig. 11.

V. The same figure is repeated with flags held outward to the right. Music changes to "The Red, White, and Blue."

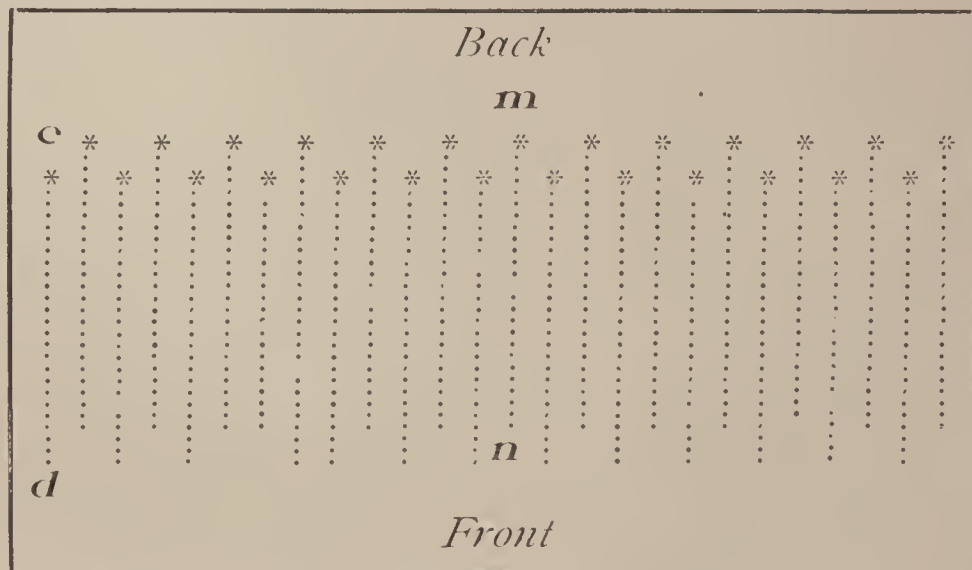


FIG. 12.

VI. Pupils in lines march backward to the back of the stage, and face to the right. The double line then marches around the stage once or twice, describing the figure , and then passes off at the left. Music changes to "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." Flags are held at "carry arms."

When no musical instrument is available, the pupils may, if led by a pure strong voice, sing the songs without accompaniment. A musical accompaniment, while very useful, is by no means necessary to a good marching step, which may be easily

attained by calling the attention of the pupils to the regular accent with the left foot.

Marching

The marching in all flag drills should be lively and spirited, but there should be no stamping of feet. The marching figures should be made to impress *form* upon the minds of the children,

and may consist of simple lines, parallel lines, squares, circles, etc. The teacher, by giving a little consideration to the conditions involved in the schoolroom or place of marching, may devise many very beautiful forms of figure marching.

The children should be taught to step together, and to keep exactly in line. They should hold their heads well up, throw their shoulders back, and their eyes should look straight to the front.

Preliminary exercises in "marking time" should be given. In this occupation the children raise and lower the feet alternately without advancing. The left foot should always be raised first, all the children doing this together, then rais-



FIG. 13.

ing the right foot, and so on alternately.

It is sometimes a good plan to have lines marked upon the floor in order to guide the pupils in the various figures of the marches; but, in general, the simpler forms in marching will

not require permanent lines. Some of the simple forms of marching are :

Indian File Marching. The pupils march in a single line ranged one behind another. (Fig. 15)

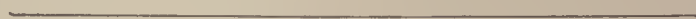


FIG. 15.

Double Rank Marching. The pupils march in two parallel lines, and at the turning points, the children on the inner side march slowly, while those in the outside rank march rather faster, so that after the turn the two ranks will proceed in parallel lines. (Fig. 16)



FIG. 16.

Meet and Part Marching. In this figure the pupils march along the outside lines 1 and 2, (Fig. 17) and, when the end of the stage is reached, march down the inner lines 3 and 4. This alternate meeting and parting may be varied by the crossing and waving of the flags.

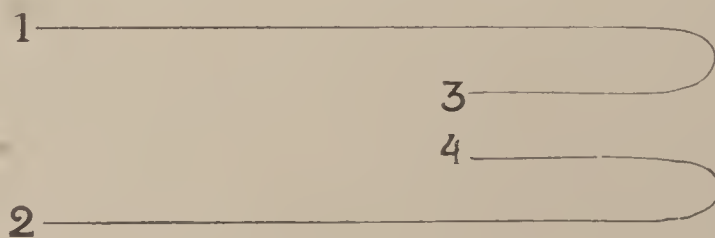


FIG. 17.

Circle Marching. The pupils march in either single or concentric circles.

Spiral or Snail Marching. The pupils march in single file, winding in lines round and round the leader. Each pupil as he

comes to position in the spiral should "mark time" and face toward the leader, who should stand in the center with flag raised high over his head. (Fig. 19)

When all the pupils are arranged in the spiral, the last pupil may face toward the other end of the stage, and march to another point where he may become the center of a spiral. The other children should face in the same direction, and follow the last pupil, forming the spiral as before.

A large number of very beautiful flag drills may be made



FIG. 14.

by combining these various forms of marching according to the conveniences afforded by the stage or platform upon which the drill is given.

Manual of Arms

Some of the movements executed by the pupils in these drills should be as follows:

Carry Arms. The flag is held in the right hand, the staff resting against the shoulder in a nearly perpendicular position. The left hand is dropped to the side.

Order Arms. To execute this movement, grasp the staff of the flag by bringing the left hand across the body in front, then let go with the right and left together and bring the end of the staff sharply to the ground.

Present Arms. The flag is held perpendicularly in front of the body, the left hand holding the lower end of the staff, while the right hand grasps the staff one foot higher up. This is the manual movement in token of respect, as in saluting a superior officer. This salute answers very well for the first manual movement after the class appears upon the stage.

Right Shoulder Arms. The staff is placed on the right shoulder and inclined to the left about forty-five degrees.

Support Arms. Grasp the end of the staff with the right hand, and bring the flag to a vertical position at the left shoulder, the end of the staff being just below the left arm which is passed horizontally across the body in front; then let the right hand drop by the side of the body.

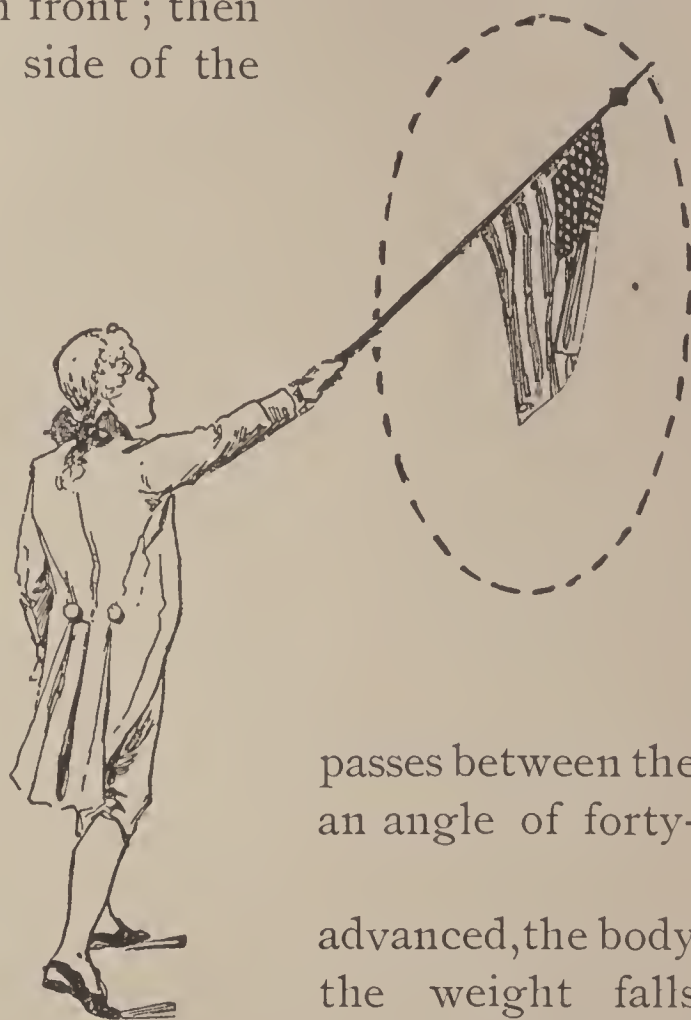
Parade Rest. The flag is brought to the position of order arms; the top of the staff is then dropped into the left hand, while the right hand grasps the staff lower down. The pupil remains motionless, with the left foot slightly advanced.

Reverse Arms. The flag is reversed in position, and right elbow and the body at five degrees.

Charge. The left foot is being thrown forward so that upon the left leg; the end of the staff is grasped firmly in the right hand, which rests upon the hip; the left hand, passing across in front of the body, grasps the staff near the middle. At the command "Forward," the lines advance with flags still held in position.

Trail Arms. Grasp the staff with the right hand near the lower edge of the flag, and drop the hands to the sides.

Other numbers in the manual of arms may be used when slightly modified. These are *Load, Aim, Fire, Stack Arms etc.*,



passes between the
an angle of forty-

advanced, the body
the weight falls
the staff is grasped

FIG. 18.

Many simple manual exercises are available for use in flag drills. From these we may select the following as best suited for the purposes intended in such exercises:



FIG. 19.

Additional Exercises

Triumph. In this movement the flag is waved in the curve shown in Fig. 11. This should be done as the pupils advance.

Elevation. The flag is raised high above the head, the arm being held nearly perpendicular as in Fig. 19.

Exultation. The flag is held at an angle of forty-five degrees directly to the front, and is then waved in a circle as in Fig. 18.

The Arch. Two pupils extend their flags toward each other so that the tops of the flag-staffs touch. (Fig. 13) Three or more pupils may extend the flags in the same way to form the *extended arch*, the *cone*, etc.

Flags Left. The flag is held outward at an angle of forty-five degrees to the left. (Fig. 9)

Flags Right. The flag is held at an angle of forty-five degrees to the right.

Cross Flags. The staffs are crossed about six inches below the lower edges of the flags.

Bo-Peep Salute. The staff of the flag is brought to a horizontal position along the line of the forehead, and the edge of the flag droops along the left side of the face. (Fig. 14.)

Defeat or Reverse. The flag is drooped "union down," the point of the staff nearly touching the floor in front of the pupil.

Entrance Salute. Flag in the right hand is waved toward the left temple, thence across to the right side and down to the right foot; then back to place at the right shoulder to "carry arms."

Furl Flags. Flag in right hand with arm slightly extended; furl by bringing the flag down to the left hand, and turning the staff rapidly between the thumb and finger of the right hand.

Songs and Marches

Among the songs and marches suitable for these drills and exercises are: "America," "Yankee Doodle," "The Red, White, and Blue," "Marching Through Georgia," "Hail Columbia," "The Star Spangled Banner," "Battle Hymn of the Republic," "John Brown's Body Lies A-Mouldering in the Grave," "Our Flag is There," "Tenting To-Night," "Freedom's Flag," "Flag of the Free—March from 'Lohengrin'," "The Watch on the Rhine," "The Marseillaise," "My Maryland, My Maryland," "Dixie," and "Rally Round the Flag."

Orders

Some of the common orders given by the drill master are: Attention, Company! Eyes to the right! Dress! Mark time, mark! Forward, march! Right wheel! Left wheel! By twos, march! Forward into line, march! Break ranks!

FLAG DRILL II.

I. The pupils enter upon the stage at *a* and *b*, as shown in Fig. 10, and march in double lines until they reach the central line of the stage at 1, and 2; then they pass down the center of the stage to the left end, where the two lines separate in Meet

and Part Marching as shown in Fig. 17. The marching song is "John Brown's Body Lies A-Mouldering in the Grave." Flags at *Right Shoulder Arms* (page 125) until the chorus, when they are waved in *Triumph*. (page 126)

II. The pupils pass several times across the stage as in the preceding figure, and when the lines are parted and the leaders reach the right end of the stage, the command "Halt" is given. Pupils are then faced to the front with the command "Left Face." Music changes to "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," and flags are brought to one of the salutes, such as *Present Arms* (page 124) or *Entrance Salute*. (page 127)

III. The music changes to "The Star Spangled Banner," and the flags are brought to the position *Support Arms*, *Carry Arms*, and *Order Arms* at the proper word of command.

IV. Music changes to "America," and the flags are brought to *Parade Rest*. (page 125)

V. Flags are brought to the position *Carry Arms*, and then to the *Charge*. (page 125) If the command "Forward" is given, the pupils advance to the front of the stage, and then step backward with flags at *Carry Arms* or *Reverse Arms*. Music, "Dixie."

VI. Both lines facing to the front, with flags at *Carry Arms*, the single line is formed for Circle or Snail Marching by the commands "Front Line, Right Face!" and "Back Line, Left Face! March!" The back line falls in behind the front line, and the pupils march several times around the stage. Music, "Yankee Doodle."

VII. At the word of command the leader raises his flag high above his head (Fig. 19) while the others march in circles around him, or form the spiral as shown on page 123. Music changes to "Rally Round the Flag."

VIII. Pupils wave flags in triumph, and raise them toward the central figure as each pupil comes to the position previously

assigned. Then the spiral unwinds, and pupils either form another about the other leader (page 124), or pass off the stage singing the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

EXERCISE FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

Ten children appear in succession upon the stage, and recite the lines appropriate to the dates which are shown upon the cards or stars which are held up before the audience. After

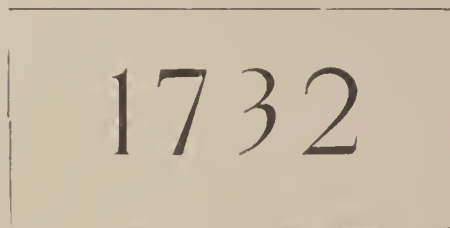


FIG. 20.

reciting his lines, the first speaker passes to the right of the stage; then the second stands beside him, and so on to the end.

1732. In seventeen hundred thirty-two,
 George Washington was born;
 Truth, goodness, skill, and glory high,
 His whole life did adorn.
1755. In seventeen hundred fifty-five,
 He saved the remnant small
 Of those brave men whom Braddock vain,
 To sure defeat did call.

1759. In seventeen hundred fifty-nine,
Cupid, the fickle one,
A bride unto the soldier gave :—
Our Martha Washington.
1775. In seventeen hundred seventy-five
The chief command he took
Of all the army, brave and true,
Who ne'er his flag forsook.
1776. In seventeen hundred seventy-six,
While snowflakes filled the air,
To Trenton's victory he crossed
The icy Delaware.
1778. In seventeen hundred seventy-eight,
At Valley Forge so drear,
With hopes for Freedom's brighter days
His men he strove to cheer.
1781. In seventeen hundred eighty-one,
His brow with victory crowned,
So brave, so wise, and full of power
At Yorktown he was found.
1783. In seventeen hundred eighty-three,
Retired to private life ;
He saw his much-loved country free
From battle and from strife.
1789. In seventeen hundred eighty-nine,
The country, with one voice,
Proclaimed him President to shine,
Blessed by the people's choice.

1799. In seventeen hundred ninety-nine,
 The Nation's tears were shed :
 To see the Patriot life resign,
 And sleep among the dead.

All.—As “first in war, and first in peace,”
 As patriot, father, friend,—
 He will be blessed till time shall cease.
 And earthly care shall end.

Historical Facts

George Washington was born in Westmoreland county, Virginia, February 22, 1732. He was the son of Augustine and Mary Washington, and early acquired among his contemporaries that character for justice, veracity, and sterling honor, which he sustained through life.

In 1753 Governor Dinwiddie sent Washington with a letter to the commander of the French in the Ohio valley, demanding the withdrawal of his forces from the country. This the French refused to do, and, not long afterward, war was declared.

On July 3, 1754, occurred the fight at Great Meadows.

Washington was appointed aid-de-camp to General Braddock, who was sent against the French and defeated by them July 9, 1755.

Fort Duquesne was entered by Washington with a detachment of troops from the army of General Forbes, November 25, 1758. A new fort was erected, and named in honor of William Pitt.

On January 6, 1759, he married Mrs. Martha Custis.

Washington was a delegate from Virginia to the first Continental Congress in 1774; also to the second Congress in 1775.

Washington was appointed commander-in-chief of the Continental army, and on July 3, he took command beneath the old elm on Cambridge green.

Boston was evacuated by the British March 17, 1776.

The battle of Long Island was fought August 27, 1776, and that of White Plains October 28, 1776.

The victory at Trenton was achieved December 26, 1776, and Princeton gained January 3, 1777.

Two defeats followed, in the battle of Brandywine September 11, 1777, and Germantown October 4, 1777.

On December 11, 1777, the Continental army went into winter quarters at Valley Forge.

The battle of Monmouth Court House was fought June 28, 1778.

Cornwallis surrendered his army to Washington, October 19, 1781.

On November 2, 1783, Washington bade farewell to the army and returned to Mt. Vernon.

Washington resigned his commission as commander-in-chief December 23, 1783.

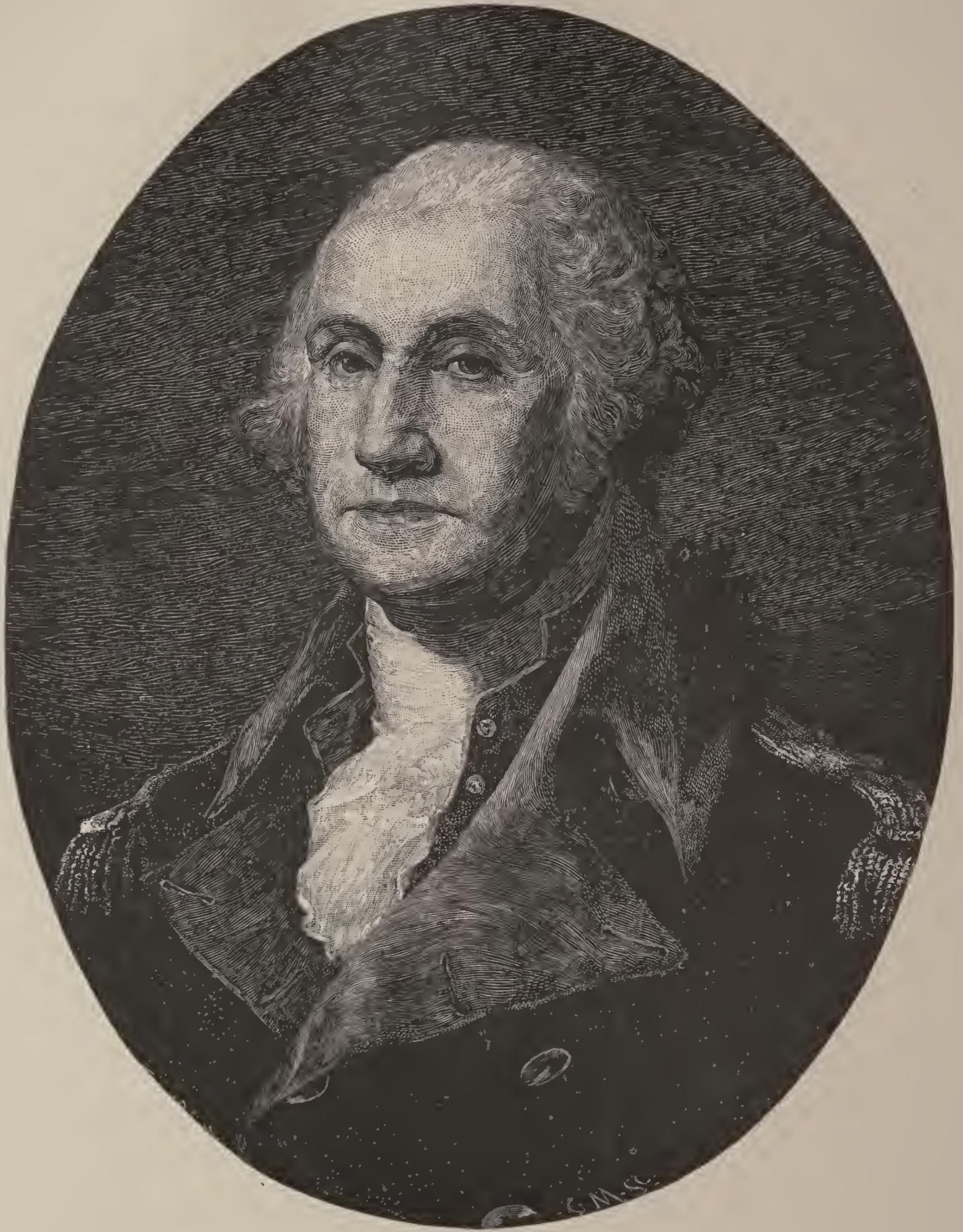
Washington was elected President of the United States, and was inaugurated April 30, 1789. In the autumn of 1792 he was re-elected, and inaugurated the second time March 4, 1793.

On September 17, 1796, he issued his Farewell Address to the people of the United States. He retired from the Presidency March 4, 1797.

In 1798, during the excitement due to threatened war with France, Washington was appointed lieutenant general of the armies of the United States.

Washington died at Mount Vernon, December 14, 1799. His last words were "It is well."

Washington's personal appearance was entirely in keeping



GEORGE WASHINGTON

“That tower of strength
Which stood four square to all the winds that blew.”

with the solid grandeur of his character. No man could have been better formed for command. A stature somewhat exceeding six feet, an admirably proportioned frame, calculated to sustain fatigue, without the coarseness and heaviness which generally attend great muscular strength, displayed bodily power of a high standard. In the prime of life Washington stood six feet two inches, and weighed two hundred and twenty pounds. His eyes were light gray, his gaze penetrating, his forehead firm, his nose Roman; his mouth was peculiar of its class—the lips firm, and the under jaw seeming to grasp the upper with force. Washington had the gait and tread of a practical soldier, and his deportment was always grave and reserved. His speech was sparing and deliberate; his dress characterized by scrupulous neatness.

Acrostic I.

This may be given by ten children, each carrying a shield or star upon which one letter of the name is borne. The devices and letters may vary in red, white, and blue. Each child repeats the line beginning with his appropriate letter.

W is for Warren, a soldier brave and bold,
A is for General Arnold, a traitor, I am told;
S is for General Schuyler always foremost in the fight,
H is for John Hancock, who stood firm for the right;
I is for Independence, for which our soldiers fought.
N is New York, a city, for which both armies sought
G is General Greene, a soldier of renown;
T stands for Trenton, an old historic town.
O is for "Old Putnam," Washington's firm friend;
N is for the Nation, they both fought to defend.

Washington's Maxims

On the morning of February 22, after the usual chapter, individuals in the school may recite some of the maxims written by Washington when only a youth. It is probable that these were not composed by him, but copied from some book, or taken down from the lips of his mother. They form an excellent standard of manners and morals for training in manly and honorable ways.

1. Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promises.

2. Vile words should not be spoken in jest or in earnest.

3. Scoff at none although they give occasion.

4. Haste not to relate news if you know not the truth thereof.

5. In talking of things you have heard, name not your author always.

6. Associate yourself with men of good quality if you value your reputation, for it is better to be alone than in bad company.

7. Speak not when others speak ; sit not when others stand ; walk not when others stop.

8. Strive to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.

9. Read no letters, books, or papers in company.

10. Mock not, nor jest at anything of importance.

11. Example is more powerful than precept ; wherein you reprove another be unblameable yourself.

12. Never be forward, but be friendly and courteous ; the first to salute, hear, and answer, and not pensive when it is time to converse.

13. Turn not your back to others especially when speaking.

14. Think before you speak ; pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly.

15. Come not near the books or writings of anyone so as to read them unasked.

16. Let your conversation be without malice or envy.

17. Whisper not in the company of others.

18. When another speaks be attentive yourself, and disturb not the audience.

19. Speak not evil of the absent, for it is unjust.

20. Every action in company ought to be some sign of respect to those present.

21. Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another ; though he were your enemy.

22. When a man does all he can, though it succeed not well, blame not him that did it.

23. Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of anyone.

24. Give not advice without being asked, and when desired, do it briefly.

25. Speak not in an unknown tongue in company, but in your own language.

26. When you speak of God or his attributes, let it be seriously in reverence.

27. Be not curious to know the affairs of others, neither approach to those that speak in private.



FIG. 21.

28. In the presence of others sing not to yourself with a humming noise, nor drum with your fingers or feet.

29. Undertake not to teach your equal in the art himself professes : it savors of arrogancy.

30. If you deliver anything witty and pleasant, abstain from laughing thereat yourself.

31. When your superiors talk to anybody, hearken not, neither speak, nor laugh.

32. One dish of meat good humor makes a feast.

33. Never show signs of anger in reproof, but do it with sweetness and mildness.

34. Let your discourse with men of business be short and comprehensive.

Acrostic II.

In this acrostic, seven little girls carry flags upon which large white letters are fastened. The first child appears upon the stage, and, holding the flag as in Fig. 9, recites the line beginning with the letter L ; she then passes to the right of the stage. Each child in order takes her place to the left of the preceding speaker, and recites the line appropriate to her letter. At the close of the exercise they all wave their flags in triumph (Fig. 11), and repeat the words : "LIBERTY AND UNION,—NOW and FOREVER."

Lexington rings with the word,
 Independence Day 'tis heard ;
 Bunker Hill repeats the sound,
 England's power falls to the ground ;
 Right must triumph ! and we see
 Treason fail,—it so must be ;—
 Yorktown seals our LIBERTY.

Acrostic III.

The separate lines from Lowell's Commemorative Ode "Under the Old Elm"

W hose soul no siren passion could unsphere,
A Then nameless, now a power and mixed with fate,
century ago he stood,
S Famed vaguely for that old fight in the wood.
oldier and statesman, rarest unison,
H igh-poised example of great duties done,
How art thou since renowned the Great, the Good!
I nseparably wrought
Into the seamless tapestry of thought;
N o more a pallid image and a dream,
But as he dwelt with men decorously supreme;
G athering the might that warrants length of days,
T he winged years, that winnow praise and blame.
O n the long curve of patient days and nights
R ounding a whole life to the circle fair
Of orbéd fulfilment;
N ot honored then or now because he wooed
The popular voice, but that he still withstood;
Broad-minded, higher-souled, there is but one
Who was all this and ours, and all men's,—

WASHINGTON.

The separate lines from which the foregoing acrostic is made are taken from Lowell's beautiful ode "Under the Old Elm" read at Cambridge on the hundredth anniversary of Washington's taking command of the American army, July 3, 1775. Although the lines are taken from different parts of the poem, the thought is continuous, and no changes have been made in the separate lines. This makes a beautiful exercise for advanced pupils, and may be given by ten young ladies. The costumes should be white with red and blue sashes, and the letters large and trimmed with flowers or leaves.

Tributes to Washington

To be recited on the Twenty-second of February

Washington's a watchword such as ne'er
Shall sink while there's an echo left to air.

Byron.

Fame stretched her wings and with her trumpet blew—
"Great Washington is near! What praise is due?
What title shall he have?" Fame paused and said—
"His name alone strikes every title dead."

William Tileston.

Land of the West! though passing brief the record of thine age,
Thou hast a name that darkens all on history's wide page!
Let all the blasts of fame ring out,—thine shall be loudest far;
Let others boast their satellites,—thou hast the planet star.
Thou hast a name whose characters of light shall ne'er depart;
'Tis stamped upon the dullest brain, and warms the coldest heart!
A war-cry fit for any land where freedom's to be won;
Land of the West! it stands alone,—it is thy Washington.

Eliza Cook.

"From the oldest general in Europe, to the greatest general on earth."—*Frederick the Great*.

First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.—*Henry Lee*.

Posterity will talk of Washington with reverence as the founder of a great empire, when my name shall be lost in the vortex of revolution.—*Napoleon Bonaparte*.

It will be the duty of the historian and the sage, in all ages, to let no occasion pass of commemorating this illustrious man; and until time shall be no more, will a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and in virtue be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of Washington.—*Brougham*.

I cannot help admiring the wisdom and fortune of this great man. WASHINGTON'S COAT OF ARMS A character, of virtues so happily tempered by one another, and so wholly unalloyed by any vices, is hardly to be found on the pages of history.—*Charles Fox*.

No arch nor column, in courtly English or courtlier Latin, sets forth the deeds and the worth of the Father of his Country; he needs them not; the unwritten benedictions of millions cover all the walls. (Mt. Vernon) No gilded dome swells from the lowly roof to catch the morning or evening beam; but the love and gratitude of united America settle upon it in one eternal sunshine.—*Edward Everett*.

Great father of our country! We heed your words, we feel their force as if you had uttered them with lips of flesh and blood. Your example teaches us, your affectionate addresses teach us,



FIG. 22.

your public life teaches us your sense of the value of the blessings of the Union. Those blessings our fathers have tasted, and still taste. Nor do we intend that those who come after us shall be denied the same high fruition. Our honor as well as our happiness is concerned. We cannot, we dare not, we will not betray our sacred trust.—*Daniel Webster*.

For other tributes to Washington, see Hail Columbia page 56, IV page 80, XIV page 85, XV page 86, and XXV page 89.

MEMORIAL DAY

No one really knows who first proposed the institution of Memorial Day, but since the first Decoration-day in 1868, it has been observed throughout the country. It is not its purpose to keep in mind the sorrowful conflict that were best forgotten, but rather to soften the bitterness of cruel strife and speak in sweetest tones of peace and forgiveness. The day should be observed with suitable exercises, and may be made a fruitful source of benefit in arousing the highest sentiments of faithfulness to duty and patriotic devotion. There may be some who would prefer to keep alive the passions and prejudices aroused during that time of terrible conflict; but the great mass of the people have hearts and feelings, and await the dawning of that era when with one acclaim they may say: "There is no North, no South, no East, no West; but one common country, the UNION forever."

The exercises suitable for other patriotic days, full of cheery demonstration, assertive declarations of national glory, and songs of joy, will not accomplish what we desire; the heart should be touched with sorrow for the dead and sympathy for the living. Some appropriate exercises and selections are here given.

Drafted

A MEMORIAL DAY POEM

What? Drafted? My Harry!
Why, man, 'tis a boy at his books!
No taller, I'm sure, than your Annie;
As delicate, too, in his looks.
Why it seems but a day since he helped me,
Girl-like, in my kitchen, at tasks.
He drafted? Great God! Can it be
That our President knows what he asks?

He never could wrestle, this boy,
Though in spirit as brave as the best;
Narrow-chested, a little, you notice,
Like him who has long been at rest.
Too slender for over-much study;
Why his teacher has made him to-day
Go out with his ball on the common:
And you've drafted a child at his play!

"Not a patriot?" Fie! Did I whimper
When Robert stood up with his gun,
And the hero-blood chafed in his forehead,
The evening we heard of Bull Run?
Pointing his finger at Harry,
But turning his face to the wall,
"There's a staff growing up for your age, Mother,"
Said Robert, "if I am to fall."

My Ploughshares are Beaten to Swords

“Eighteen?” Oh, I know—and yet narrowly—
Just a wee babe on the day
When his father got up from his sick bed,
And cast his last ballot for Clay.
Proud of his boy and his ticket, said he,
“A new morsel of fame
We’ll lay on the candidate’s altar”;
And christened the child with that name.

Oh, what have I done, a weak woman?
In what have I meddled with harm—
Troubling God only for sunshine
And rain, on my rough little farm—
That my ploughshares are beaten to swords
And sharpened before my eyes,
That my tears must cleanse a foul nation,
My lamb be a sacrifice?

Oh, I know there’s a country to save, man,
And ’tis true there is no appeal;
But did God see my boy’s name lying
The uppermost one in the wheel?
Five stalwart sons has my neighbor,
And never the lot upon one!
Are these things Fortune’s caprices,
Or is it God’s will that is done?

Are the others too precious for resting
Where Robert is taking his rest,
With the pictured face of young Annie,
Lying over the rent in his breast?

Too tender for parting with sweethearts?
Too fair to be crippled or scarred?
My boy! Thank God for these tears—
I was growing so bitter and hard!

Now read me a page from the Book, Harry,
That goes in your knapsack to-night—
Of the Eye that sees when the sparrow
Grows weary and falters in flight.
Talk of something that's nobler than living;
Of a Love that is higher than mine;
And a Faith that has planted its banners
Where the heavenly camp-fires shine.

Talk of Someone who tenderly watches,
While the shadows glide down the yard,
Who will go with my soldier to battle—
And stand with my picket on guard.
Spirits of loving and lost ones!
Watch softly o'er Harry to-night—
For to-morrow he goes forth to battle!
Arm him for Freedom and Right.

Anonymous.

They Are Not Dead

Oh, tell me not that they are dead—that generous host, that airy army of invisible heroes! They hover as a cloud of witnesses above this nation. Are they dead that yet speak louder than we can speak, and a more universal language? Are they dead that yet act? Are they dead that yet move upon society

and inspire the people with nobler minds and more heroic patriotism?

Every mountain and hill shall have its treasured name, every river shall keep some solemn title, every valley and every lake shall cherish its honored register; and till the mountains are worn out, and the rivers forget to flow—till the clouds are weary of replenishing springs, and the springs forget to gush, and the rills to sing, shall their names be kept fresh with reverent honors which are inscribed upon the book of National Remembrance!

Henry Ward Beecher.

“Missing”

But ah! the graves which no man names or knows;
Uncounted graves, which never can be found;
Graves of the precious “missing,” where no sound
Of tender weeping will be heard, where goes
No loving step of kindred. Oh, how flows
And yearns our thought to them! More holy ground
Of graves than this, we say, is that whose bound
Is secret till Eternity disclose
Its sign.

But Nature knows no wilderness:
There are no “missing” in her numbered ways;
In her great heart is no forgetfulness;
Each grave she keeps she will adorn, caress.
We cannot lay such wreaths as Summer lays,
And all her days are Decoration Days!

Helen Hunt Jackson.

Speech to Confederate Veterans

CANTON, OCTOBER 10, 1896.

Patriotism is not bound by State or class or sectional lines. We have but one flag, the glorious stars and stripes, which all of us love so well, and which we mean to transmit in honor and glory to our children, North and South.

Sectionalism was surrendered at Appomattox, and the years that have followed have removed whatever lingering resistance there remained. Indeed, if anything were needed to destroy it utterly and effectually, it has been furnished in the events of the contest now upon us for the honor of the American name and that permanent peace which was the dying prayer of the great captain of our armies, Ulysses S. Grant.

The spirit of a fervent Americanism is abroad in the land, and no more earnest or sincere is the sentiment in the North than in the South. The words of your veterans' legion, borne on your breasts to-day, "No North, no South ; no East, no West ; the Union forever," sound forth like a bugle note calling patriots together, and are an expression of the purpose of the American people, both North and South, proclaiming liberty, union, and honor as the high aim of every survivor of the great war on either side, and of every patriot in the country.

The inspiring and unconquerable sentiment of this campaign is, "Country first, country last, and country with stainless honor all the time." The voice of the misguided partisan is not heeded ; the voice of patriotism strikes a responsive chord ; the voice of prejudice and hate is lost in the grand chorus of peace and good will, national unity, and national integrity.

No stronger evidence, no other testimony is required to prove that sectional lines are obliterated and that the war has long been over, than the presence, to-day, of this large assemblage of ex-Confederate soldiers, traveling from the valley of the Shenandoah in Virginia, which marked the bloody pathway of the war, to testify their devotion to the unbroken and never-to-be-broken Union, and their purpose to uphold its credit and honor forever. Their presence here betokens a new departure. It is an inspiring and uplifting scene; it lifts us above the plane of mere partisanship. The citizens who fought against you are here to give you a hearty and hospitable welcome, marching side by side with you under the same flag. No longer have they arms in their hands, but love and respect for each other in their hearts. It is a spectacle which our eyes have longed to see, North and South; a consummation devoutly wished for and prayed for; and for which, sensible as I am of its import, I cannot find words to give my gratitude suitable expression.

Men, who were engaged in a deadly conflict against each other thirty-one years ago, now stand on a common platform of fraternity and union, vying with each other in joyous rivalry in their loyalty to the glorious stars and stripes; meeting not as enemies, but as friends fighting for the same cause,—the holiest cause which ever engaged mankind: the glorious cause of country, and its spotless honor.

“No longer from its brazen portals,
The blasts of war’s great organ shake the skies,
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.”

I think I may be pardoned if I say that I have great pride and gratification in this call of ex-Confederate soldiers. It has

touched my heart profoundly. I regard it as another and most significant assurance that complete reconciliation has come, and that the South and North, as in the early lifetime of the republic, are again together in heart as well as name. It is an example of patriotic devotion which might well be emulated by those who would array one part of the country against the other.

Let no discordant notes grate upon this melody of peace. Let it go forth, let it be everywhere proclaimed that the men of the North and the men of the South stand for the environment of justice and the supremacy of law. The voice that would reopen the conflicts of the past and the bitterness of thirty years ago, that would array class against class or section against section, is not a friend, but an enemy of our glorious Union, and stands in the pathway of its glorious progress.

Men of the South, the only force now needed in this free government is that of conscience, justice, reason, and intelligence. This is an irresistible power upon which rests our strength, security, permanency, and glory. We have entered upon a new and blessed era; we have crossed the dominion of force into the kingdom of peace and law and mutual good will. Faith in each other, faith in a common country; faith in the future and a common destiny has made us one—forever one. We have learned that:

“Peace and greatness best become,
Calm power doth guide,
With a far more imperious stateliness
Than all the swords of violence can do,
And easier gains those ends she tends unto.”

This is my message to the grim survivors of that mighty war, of both sides. This is the spirit that I would have carried into the practical every-day administration, and fill the hearts of the American people.

William McKinley.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN*

Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare,
 Gentle and merciful and just!
 Who, in the fear of God, didst bear
 The sword of power—a nation's trust.

In sorrow by thy bier we stand,
 Amid the awe that hushes all,
 And speak the anguish of a land
 That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done—the bond are free;
 We bear thee to an honored grave,
 Whose noblest monument shall be
 The broken fetters of the slave.

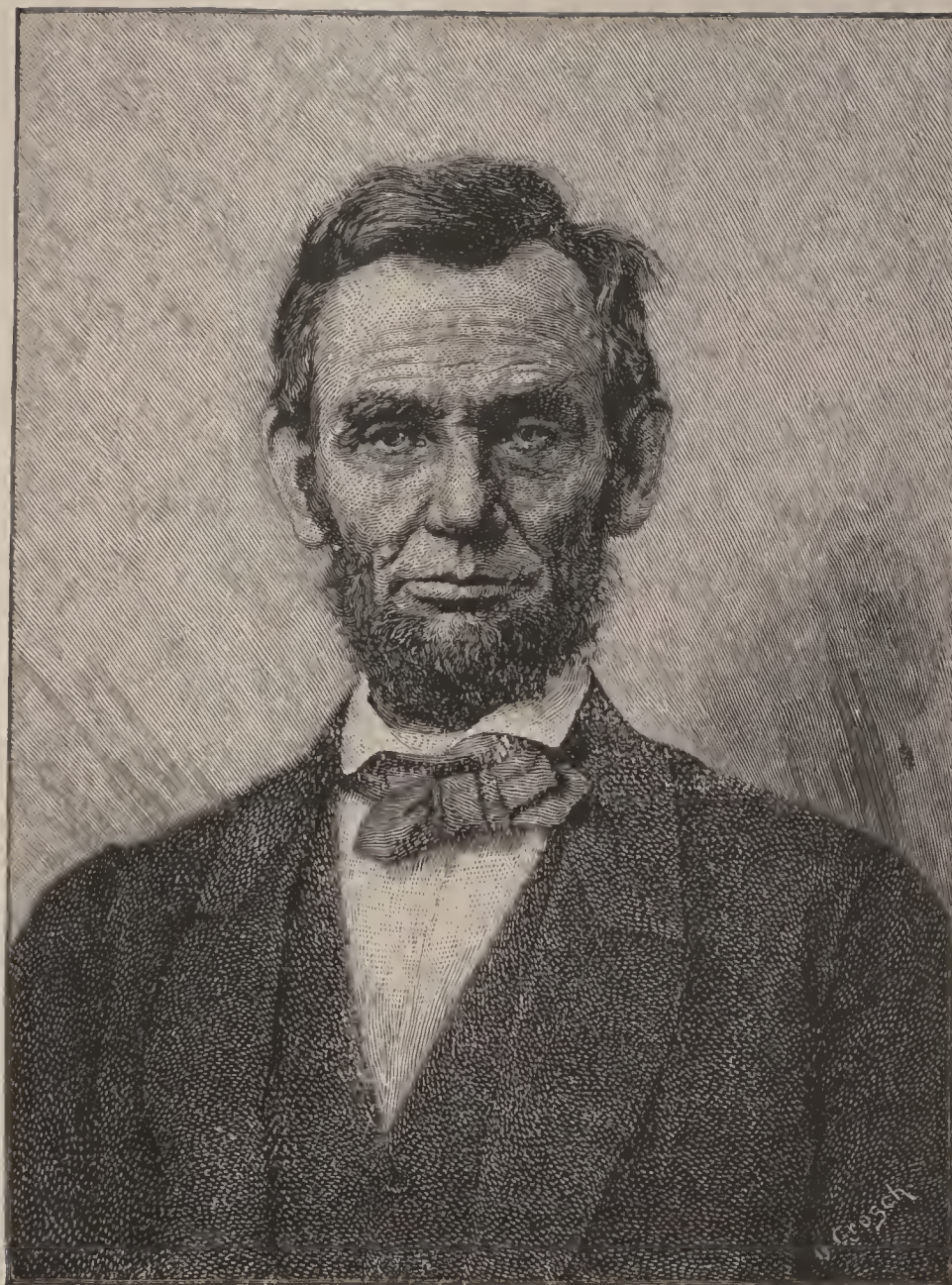
Pure was thy life; its bloody close
 Hath placed thee with the sons of light,
 Among the noble host of those
 Who perished in the cause of right.

William Cullen Bryant.

Acrostic IV.

Lifting the burden of Civil War's strife,
 In the midst of his victory giving his life;—
 Never, so long as our country's flag waves,
 Can we forget what he did for the slaves:
 Out of the darkness of bondage they came,
 Leaving behind them its burdens and shame,
 None save with blessings our LINCOLN can name.

*Bryant's poem, by permission of D. APPLETON & Co.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

“With malice towards none, with charity for all.”

Historical Facts

Abraham Lincoln, the sixteenth President of the United States, was born in Hardin (now Larue) county, Kentucky, February 12, 1809. His ancestors went from Berks county, Pennsylvania, to Rockingham county, Virginia, whence his grandparents moved to Kentucky about 1781. His father was Thomas Lincoln, who married Nancy Hanks in 1806. Her son Abraham preserved through life that sterling honesty that made him the most remarkable product of American life. His grand old wisdom of sincerity made him "the first American." History must accord him high honor in guiding a great nation through the perils of a mighty revolution.

In 1818 Lincoln experienced a bitter and irreparable loss in the death of his mother. To her influence he was indebted for the development of those rare and noble traits of character which have given him a spotless and enduring fame.

Lincoln's books in boyhood were the Bible, Pilgrim's Progress, Æsop's Fables, Robinson Crusoe, Weem's Life of Washington, and a History of the United States. As a boy he was so situated that he received almost no school instruction.

In 1825 he was employed at six dollars a month to manage a ferry across the Ohio at Anderson's creek.

In 1830, the family having removed to Illinois, he helped in the clearing of fifteen acres of land, and split the rails for fencing the farm. In after years this was made the source of the rail-splitting figures of the great election in 1860. "Honest old Abe" was a familiar watchword in the midst of a time when there was an almost universal conviction that a great crisis had been reached.

He was a "bow hand" on a flatboat, and took a cargo of pro-

duce to New Orleans in 1828; and in 1831 he made a similar journey with a merchant's cargo to the same city. Here he, for the first time, saw slaves chained and scourged; and from this time dates his utter detestation of slavery.

In 1832, on the breaking out of the Black Hawk war, Lincoln enlisted as a private in a company of volunteers organized for the defense of the frontier settlements. He was at once chosen captain.

Lincoln was elected to the legislature of Illinois in 1834, and again in 1836, 1838, and 1840.

In 1836 he was admitted to the bar, and soon opened an office in Springfield. He displayed great ability in jury trials.

In 1837 he entered a strong protest against resolutions favoring slavery, passed by the legislature. In the language of the protest he believed "that the institution of slavery is founded in injustice and bad policy."

On November 4, 1842, he married Mary, daughter of Robert S. Todd of Lexington, Kentucky.

In 1846 he was elected to Congress by a majority of 1500 over the Rev. Peter Cartwright, and was the only Whig representative from Illinois in the Thirtieth Congress. He denounced the war with Mexico as unjust.

In 1848 his first speech in Congress was made in favor of the famous "spot resolutions" which he had introduced. These called upon President Polk to designate the spot where alleged outrages had been committed upon American citizens.

In January, 1849, he introduced a bill for the abolishing of slavery in the District of Columbia. During the whole time that he was in Congress, he gave his voice uniformly in favor of freedom.

In 1858 Lincoln was a candidate for the Senate of the United States, and entered into joint debate with his opponent Stephen

A. Douglas. Although unsuccessful in the contest for the Senate, he was acknowledged to have had the best of the argument, and he forced from his opponent statements which afterwards defeated Douglas in his contest for the presidency. In accepting the nomination to the Senate he said: "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free."

On May 18, 1860, Abraham Lincoln was nominated for the presidency at Chicago by the Republican party. The election held on November 6, gave him the highest office in the gift of the nation.

On December 20, 1860, South Carolina passed the ordinance of secession, the fulfillment of a settled and long-cherished purpose. Following the example thus set, Mississippi passed an ordinance of secession January 9, 1861; Florida, January 10; Alabama, January 11; Georgia, January 19; Louisiana, January 26; and Texas, February 1. On February 9, the new Confederacy elected Jefferson Davis president, and Alexander H. Stephens vice-president. Thus, more than a month before the inauguration of Lincoln, seven states had done all that lay in their power to dissolve the union.

In his inaugural address on March 4, 1861, he said: "I hold that, in contemplation of universal law and of the constitution, the union of these states is perpetual." In his parting with his friends at Springfield February 11, 1861, he had shown his stern appreciation of the difficulty of the task to which he had been called: "A duty devolves upon me which is, perhaps, greater than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington."

On April 15, 1861, Lincoln called for 75000 volunteers; and, on May 3, for 42000 to serve for three years. To our minister in England his message was: "You may even assure them that

if they determine to recognize the Confederacy, they may at the same time prepare to enter into alliance with the enemies of this republic."

Fort Sumter was fired upon by the Confederates on April 12, 1861, and was evacuated by Major Anderson and the United States garrison, after a gallant resistance, on the morning of April 14. This was the first great aggressive act, and united all parties in the North, for a time, in earnest support of the government. "It is a consolation to know," observed the *Tribune* of New York, "that in losing Sumter we have gained a united people."

Virginia passed the ordinance of secession April 17, 1861; Arkansas, May 6, 1861; Tennessee, May 6, 1861; and North Carolina, May 20, 1861.

The battle of Bull Run was lost on July 21, 1861.

General McClellan defeated General Robert E. Lee at Antietam September 16 and 17, 1862.

A conditional proclamation of the emancipation of the slaves in the states engaged in the rebellion was issued by President Lincoln September 22, 1862. This was followed, January 1, 1863, by the direct Emancipation Proclamation so famous in history.

At Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville the Federals were defeated December 13, 1862, and May 3, 1863, respectively.

The tide was turned at Gettysburg July 1, 2, and 3, 1863, by the victorious troops of General Meade.

Vicksburg was surrendered to General U. S. Grant July 4, 1863.

March 1, 1864, President Lincoln appointed U. S. Grant lieutenant-general of the armies of the United States.

In November, 1864, Lincoln was re-elected to the presidency with an overwhelming majority in the electoral college.

Richmond was evacuated by General Lee April 3, 1865, and the Confederacy tottered to its fall.

General Lee surrendered his forces to General Grant at Appomattox on April 9, 1865. General Johnston surrendered to General Sherman on the 17th of the same month.

In the very hour of his triumph Abraham Lincoln met his death at the hands of an actor, John Wilkes Booth. The words uttered by the assassin as he leaped upon the stage of the theatre were in no sense appropriate: "*Sic semper tyrannis*"—"Ever thus to tyrants"—the motto of Virginia. As the assassin leaped over the railing upon the stage, his spur caught in the flag draped over the front of the box which the President occupied. "Old Glory," in mute protest, seemed to avenge the deed of this dark hour in our country's history.

Tributes to Lincoln

Now he belongs to the ages.—*Edwin M. Stanton.*

Lincoln, an honest man ; he abolished slavery, re-established the Union, and saved the Republic without veiling the statue of Liberty.—*Inscription on the Medal presented to Mrs. Lincoln.*

If France possessed the liberty enjoyed by republican America, we would number with us not merely thousands, but millions of the admirers of Lincoln, and of the partisans of those opinions to which he devoted his life, and which are consecrated by his death.—*Committee of French Citizens.*

On April 15, 1865, the day of President Lincoln's death, an excited throng was gathered in front of the Merchants' Exchange in New York City. While the people were demanding vengeance upon certain newspapers for utterances considered

treasonable, James A. Garfield stepped forward and said in a clear, impressive voice: "Fellow-citizens:—Clouds and darkness are round about Him. His pavilion is dark waters and thick clouds of the skies. Justice and judgment are the establishment of His throne. Mercy and truth go before His face. God reigns, and the government at Washington still lives." The effect was instantaneous. The crowd listened, became calm, and quietly dispersed.

Never before that startled April morning did such multitudes of men shed tears for the death of one they had never seen, as if with him a friendly presence had been taken away from their lives, leaving them colder and darker. Never was funeral panegyric so eloquent as the silent look of sympathy which strangers exchanged when they met on that day. Their common manhood had lost a kinsman.—*Lowell*.

Lincoln presented an extraordinary combination of mental and moral qualities. As a statesman he had the loftiest ideal, and it fell to his lot to inaugurate measures which changed the fate of millions of living men, of tens of millions yet to be born. As a manager of political issues and master of the art of presenting them, he has had no rival in this country, unless one be found in Jefferson.—*James G. Blaine*.

EXERCISE IN THE HISTORY OF THE FLAG

An exercise may be given in which the pupils appear upon the stage with the various flags, and tell the history of each banner. The facts here set forth may be adapted to the power of each child to commit them to memory, and a very young pupil should only be required to state a few of the more important of the facts concerning the flag which he carries.

The Color Bearers

BEARER OF ST. GEORGE'S CROSS

I. I come before you bearing the "Cross of St. George" which was the flag flown from the masthead of the *Mayflower*. This banner of the Old England they so dearly loved was a sacred emblem to the Pilgrims, and served to join them in thought to their old home so far away beyond the broad ocean. Once Endicott, the Puritan governor of Massachusetts, cut the cross out of the banner to show his hatred of Romanism. Many times the colonists tried to substitute a rose, a tree, or some other device, but at last they were compelled to adopt the flag of the mother country. It was not until tyranny of the king

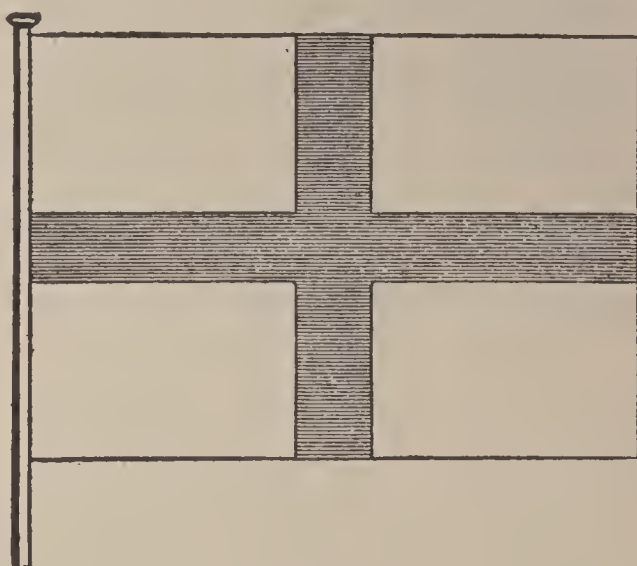


FIG. 23.

ST. GEORGE'S CROSS

became unbearable that new flags were used. The colonists failed to move the king and his ministers from their career of reckless obstinacy, and were forced to choose between abject submission to tyranny or armed resistance to their royal master. Then the electric words of Patrick Henry flashed throughout the country, "We must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us. I repeat it, sir, we must fight!" Soon the blood of the patriots flowed freely on many a hard fought field until all hope of reconciliation with the mother country was at an end, and national independence was secured.

The coercive measures adopted by the king produced their natural result: the glory of the British empire waned, and the sun of liberty arose.

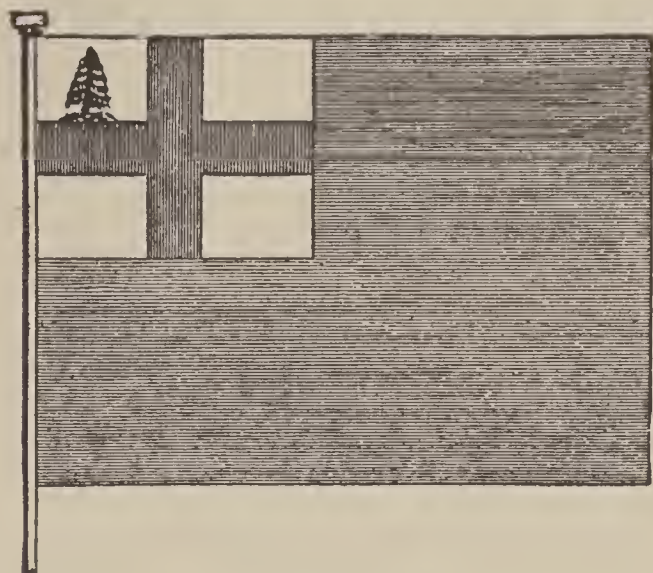


FIG. 24.
BUNKER HILL FLAG (Red)



FIG. 25.
PINE TREE FLAG (White Field)

BEARER OF THE RED FLAG

II. When the tyranny of England could be no longer borne, the colonists began to show their defiance by hoisting the red flag at many places. At Boston, in 1768, a large red flag erty pole, and the people and clear the country of bull's celebrated picture Hill has Colonel Prescott under a red flag in which was white and contained best authorities agree to the breeze at Bunker

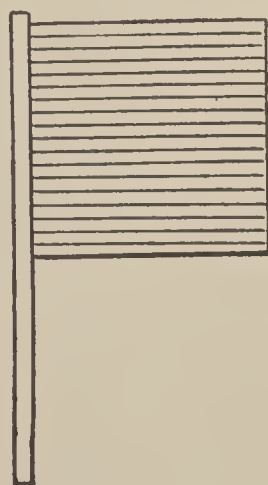


FIG. 26.

was hoisted upon a liberty pole were urged to arise the oppressors. Trum- of the Battle of Bunker cott's troops marshalled the upper inner square a green pine-tree. The that the first flag flung Hill was red. This was

the symbol of defiance; and when Prescott's men marched forth that starlit night from Boston toward the dark heights of Bunker

Hill to defy the British legions, they chose the red flag, and that meant *war*. The question regarding the flag used at Bunker Hill is unsettled, since contemporary writers are silent on the



FIG. 27.

PINE TREE FLAG (White Field)

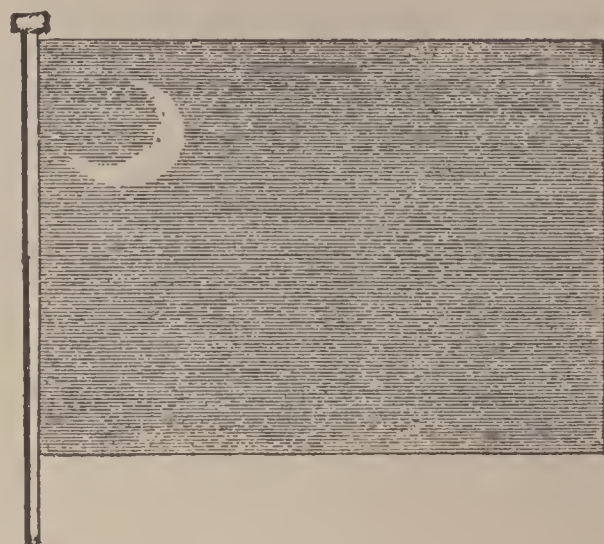


FIG. 28.

FT. MOULTRIE FLAG (Blue)

subject. Some have claimed that the field was blue as in the New England flag. A flag unfurled by Putnam July 18, 1775, had on one side the words, "*An Appeal to Heaven*," and on the other "*Qui transtulit, sustinet*"—"He who planted will sustain."

BEARER OF THE PINE TREE FLAG

III. The famous Pine Tree flag was in use during 1775 as an ensign. The flag was white, with a green pine tree in the middle, and the motto: "An Appeal to Heaven." The pine tree was a fitting type of the sturdy people of New England. This was the first ensign shown by a regular American man-of-war, (Fig. 27), and was raised on board the *Alfred*, in the Delaware, in December, 1775, by John Paul Jones, a lieutenant under Commodore Hopkins. In a letter written by Colonel Reed October 20, 1775, these words occur, "Please to fix some particu-

lar color for a flag, and a signal by which our vessels may know one another. What do you think of a flag with a white ground, a tree in the middle, the motto '*Appeal to Heaven*'?"

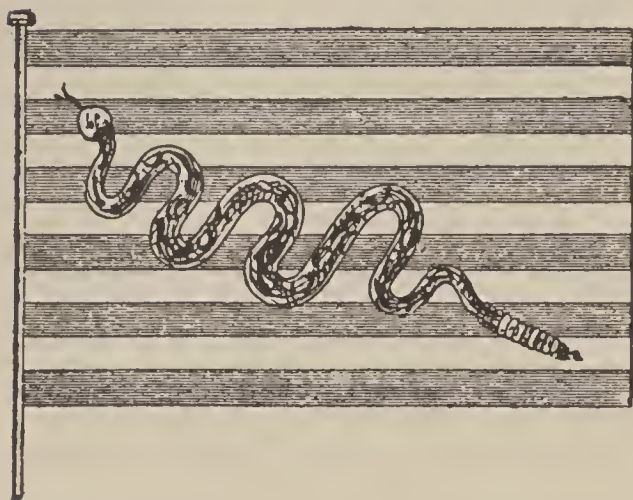


FIG. 29.

RATTLESNAKE FLAG

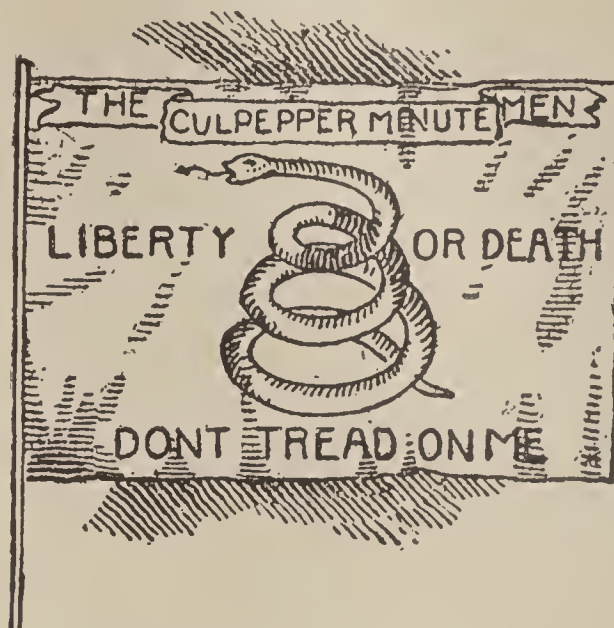


FIG. 30.

CULPEPPER FLAG

BEARER OF THE FORT MOULTRIE FLAG

IV. The first Republican flag unfurled in the southern states was blue, with a white crescent in the upper corner next to the staff. It was designed by Colonel William Moultrie, and was raised on the fortifications of Charleston in September, 1775. At the time there was no national flag; and the design was taken from the blue of the soldiers' uniforms and the silver crescents on the front of their caps. (Fig. 28) The flag displayed on one of the bastions of Fort Sullivan (Moultrie) on June 28, 1776, was the same, with the word "Liberty" added. At the commencement of the action, the Crescent flag of South Carolina, that waved opposite the Grand Union flag upon the western bastion, fell outside upon the beach. Sergeant William Jasper leaped the parapet, walked the length of the fort, picked up the flag,

fastened it upon a sponge staff, and fixed the flag firmly upon the bastion, amid the iron hail pouring upon the fortress. Three cheers greeted him as he leaped unhurt within the fort. Governor Rutledge presented Jasper his own handsome small sword which hung by his side, and thanked him in the name of his country. He offered the young hero a lieutenant's commission, but he modestly refused, saying, "I am not fit to keep officers' company; I am but a sergeant."

At the Spring Hill redoubt at Savannah, October 9, 1779, Sergeant Jasper, while planting the crescent flag upon the parapet of the British works, fell pierced by a rifle ball.

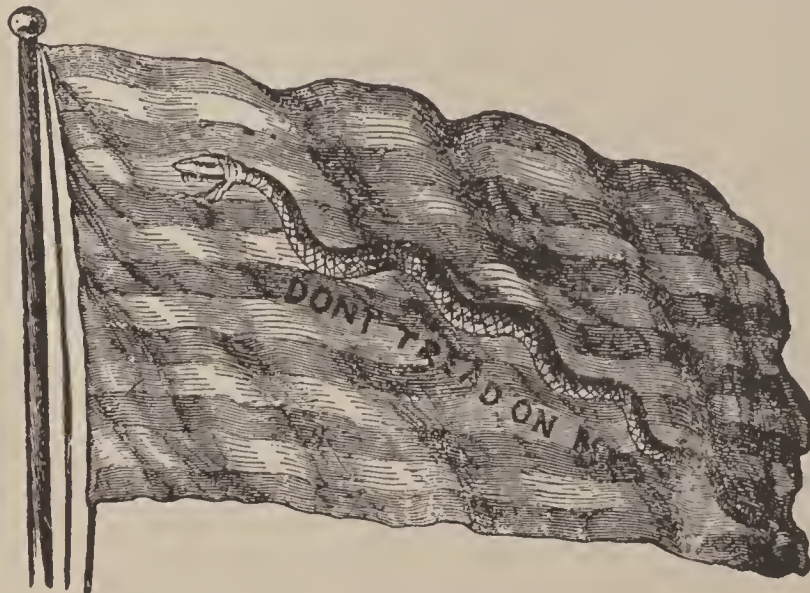


FIG. 31.
RATTLESNAKE FLAG

BEARER OF THE RATTLESNAKE FLAG

A favorite device with the colonists during the excitement over the Stamp Act was a serpent cut in ten pieces, with the inscription "*Join or die!*" or "*Unite or die!*" The newspapers of the day placed this significant design at the head of their columns. The rattlesnake was considered an emblem of vigilance, true courage, and magnanimity, because, while it is not quarrel-

some, it quickly resents oppression. It never gives its small but deadly wound without first shaking its rattles as a signal that it is about to strike.

The rattlesnake flags were probably suggested by the cuts displayed in the newspapers, and were of several kinds. One in use in the navy was a yellow ensign bearing the device of a rattlesnake in the attitude of striking, with the motto, "Don't Tread on Me." The snake was represented, generally, with thirteen rattles; sometimes it was coiled around the base of the pine tree, and sometimes placed diagonally across the field of thirteen alternate red and white or *red and blue* stripes. (Fig. 31)

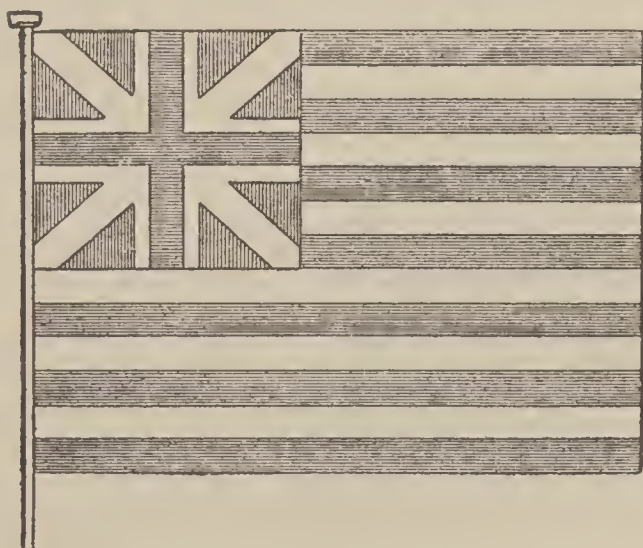


FIG. 32. A

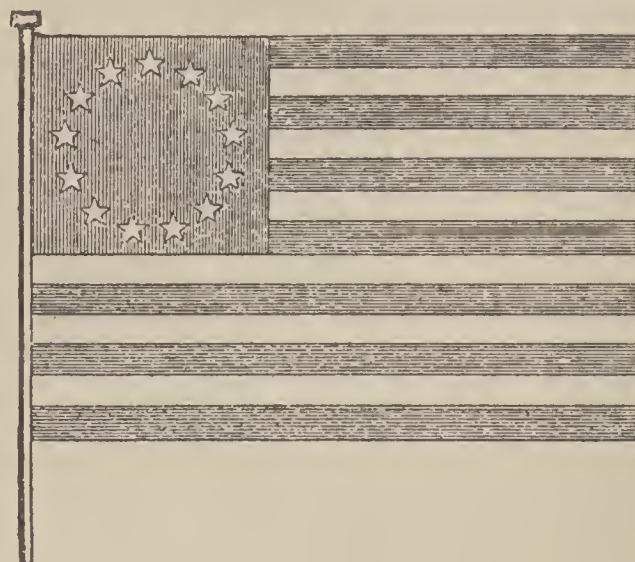


FIG. 32. B

BEARER OF THE GRAND UNION FLAG

After the devices of the palmetto, the pine tree, and the rattlesnake, the next step in the evolution of the flag was the "Grand Union" flag. This was the result of a conference between Dr. Franklin, Mr. Lynch, and Mr. Harrison, who were chosen to select some device for a common national flag. The flag was hoisted for the first time over Washington's camp at Cambridge, January 2, 1776. The colors were red, white, and blue, and

there were thirteen stripes as in the flag to-day, but the field was not yet spangled with stars. The blue field carried the united crosses of St. George and St. Andrew instead of the white five-pointed stars. The king's colors, or Union Jack, meant the yet recognized sovereignty of England, while the thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, were emblematic of the colonies united against the tyranny and oppression of England. This has sometimes been called the Cambridge Flag.

BEARER OF THE FLAG OF 1777

Nearly a year after the Declaration of Independence, the first national legislation on the subject was enacted by Congress June 14, 1777, as follows: "Resolved, That the flag of the thirteen united states be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white on a blue field, representing a new constellation." (Fig. 32 B) As to the origin of the stripes in the flag, the theories advanced are very interesting. It has been suggested that the stripes were originally drawn from the flag of the Netherlands. The Dutch flag consisted of three broad horizontal stripes,—red, white, and blue.

The coat of arms given to one of Washington's ancestors by Henry VIII, showed a white shield with red stripes, (Fig. 22), and this is by some thought to be the origin of the flag. Washington and Morris called upon Mrs. Betsey Ross of Philadelphia, and engaged her to make the flag from a crude pencil drawing. She suggested changes in the form of the stars, and, deftly folding a piece of paper, showed the gentlemen how a perfect five-pointed star could be made with a single clip of the scissors. Here is Betsey now, and she will show you how to do it. (See Figs. 39, 40, etc.)

(A little girl comes upon the stage, and folds and cuts the star.)

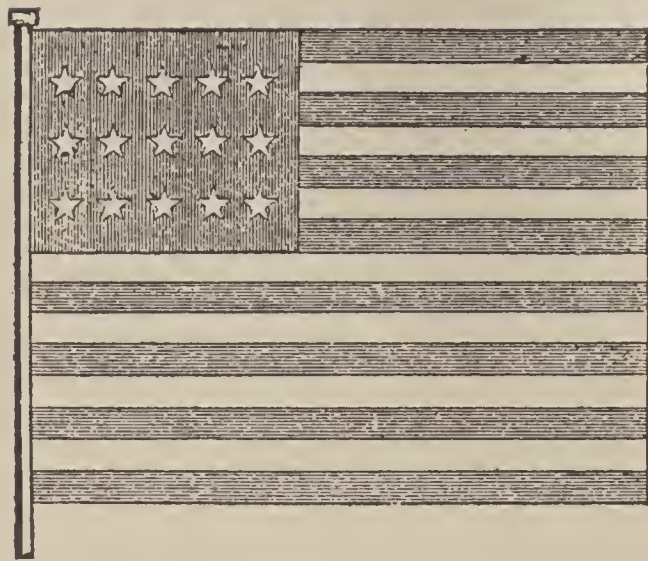


FIG. 32. C

BEARER OF THE FLAG OF 1812 (1794)

When Vermont was admitted to the sisterhood of the states in 1791, followed by Kentucky in 1792, Congress voted that the flag should have fifteen stripes and fifteen stars. (Fig. 32 C) This flag was carried during the War of 1812, and was the "star-spangled banner" which was seen catching "the gleam of the morning's first beam" over the ramparts of Ft. McHenry. The red meant, indeed, defiance and valor; the blue eternal vigilance; and the white, purity and peace with honor.

BEARER OF THE FLAG OF 1818

Influenced by reverence for the flag of the Revolution, and by the fact that increase in the number of the stripes tended to destroy the beauty of the flag, Congress ordered a return to the original thirteen stripes, and an increase of the number of stars to twenty. Tennessee, Ohio, Louisiana, Indiana, and Mississippi had been added to the constellation. It was also voted

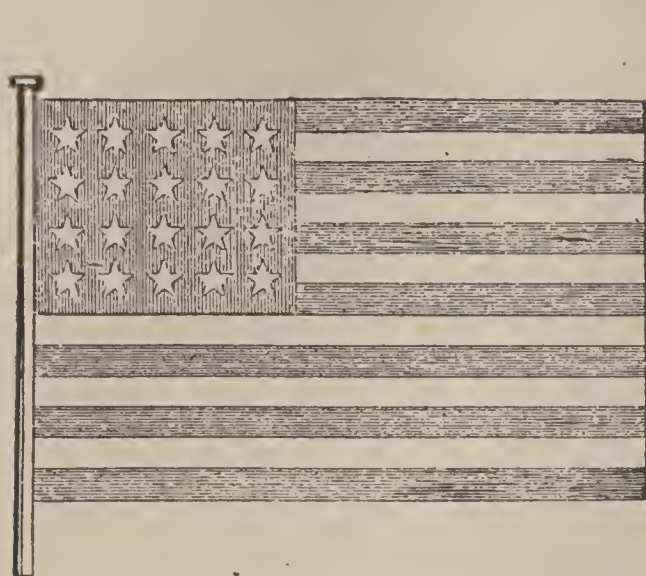


FIG. 32. D

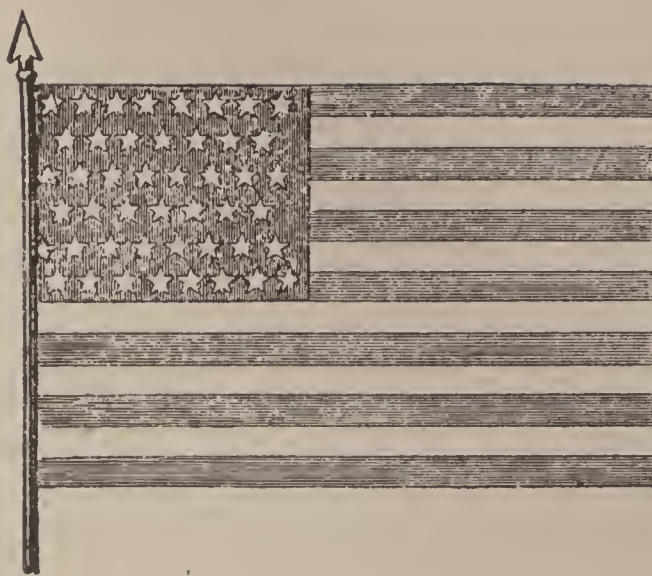


FIG. 32. E

that a new star should be added to the flag on the Fourth of July next succeeding the admission of a new state. (Fig. 32 D)

BEARER OF THE FLAG OF 1897 ("Old Glory")

To-day I bring you the beautiful flag of our glorious republic. It has forty-five stars, each one representing a noble state. Our banner stands for freedom to all, and has a glorious record in all the years of the past. Let us, oh my fellow-pupils, see that we preserve undimmed its glories which our fathers have placed in our care. On many a hard-fought field, brave soldiers have borne this tattered old banner through clouds of cannon-smoke to victory. There is more than history in the emblem. Floating in the breeze, it means more than mere glory. The old Roman soldiers guarded their standards with religious veneration, and their reverence for their ensigns was a just measure of their bravery in battle. Our own interest in flags must center in the evolution and meaning of our own bright banner.

(All the Color Bearers gather in a group around "Old Glory," (Fig 32 E), and the school sings "The Star-spangled Banner.")

Our Flag

Three little children appear upon the stage, each child wearing a sash of tissue paper of the appropriate color. The sash should be worn over the right shoulder, and tied at the waist under the left arm. Sashes of bunting or of silk give a more beautiful effect. Each child carries a small flag.

ALL We wear to-day the colors
 To which our hearts are true ;
We wave them now above us,
 The Red, the White, the Blue.

RED Red, like the rays of morning
 When comes the dawn's first gleam,
Within our glorious banner
 Seven brilliant stripes are seen.

WHITE Pure as the snowflakes falling
 Upon the mountain side,
Amid the streaks of crimson
 Six stripes of white abide.

BLUE And, as the sky at evening
 Enfolds the stars of night,
The blue field of "Old Glory"
 Bears all its stars of white.

ALL Give we our grand old banner
 The honor that is due
To Freedom's sacred emblem,
 The Red, the White, the Blue.—*M.*

Lincoln at Gettysburg

We cannot consecrate this field,
Or hallow ground where heroes stood ;
Thus spoke the man whose words have sealed
Our lips in Freedom's Holy Rood.

We cannot dedicate. Too well
Our Lincoln knew the Temple's cost,
He heard the nation's anthem swell :
Your deeds survive, our words are lost.

The brave men living and the dead,
Who wrought the epoch of the free,
Have consecrated here, he said,
The land, the world, to liberty.

Ay, Gettysburg, thy name at last
Proclaims the triumph of the race ;
'Tis here the future greets the past,
And faith asserts her crowning grace.

No other battlefield like thine,
Where love joins hands across the way,
One flag, one land, a sacred shrine
Alike unto the Blue and Gray.

Then rear the graven shaft with pride
Along the line where Freedom's van
Shall speak to generations wide
The final victory of man :

That love and law will reign supreme
Where'er the starry banner waves,
When stones that now in sunlight gleam
Shall lie in dust above their graves.

Wallace Bruce.

Washington at Newburgh

From Wallace Bruce's poem, "The Long Drama," recited by the author at the Centennial of the disbanding of the army by Washington, at Newburgh.

Serene and calm in peril's hour,
An honest man without pretense,
He stands supreme to teach the power
And brilliancy of common-sense.
Alike disdaining fraud and art,
He blended love with stern command ;
He bore his country in his heart,
He held his army by the hand.
Hush ! carping critic, read aright
The record of his fair renown :
A leader by diviner right
Than he who wore the British crown.
With silvered locks and eyes grown dim,
As victory's sun proclaimed the morn,
He pushed aside the diadem
With stern rebuke and patriot scorn.
He quells the half-paid mutineers,
And binds them closer to the cause ;
His presence turns their wrath to tears,
Their muttered threats to loud applause.
The great Republic had its birth
That hour beneath the army's wing,
Whose leader taught by native worth
The man is grander than the king.
The stars on that bright azure field,
Which proudly wave o'er land and sea,
Were fitly taken from his shield
To be our common heraldry.—*Wallace Bruce.*

HOW JOHNNY CUT THE STAR

The teacher in room No. 3 was ever ready to invent some way for making the work in the school of increasing value to the children. They had been folding a large number of beautiful forms from the red, white, and blue squares; and, while the little hands had been learning how to fold the papers deftly, and many a lesson in patience had been given, the climax of the work was yet to come. The teacher had hinted that the beautiful foldings were but parts of a much more beautiful *unit*, or *whole*, which they were to make by combining the best foldings that



FIG. 33.

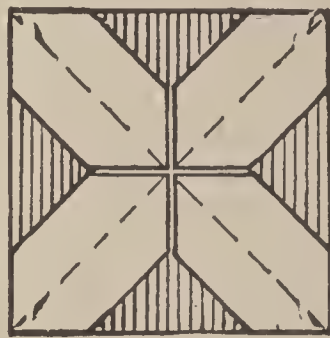


FIG. 34.

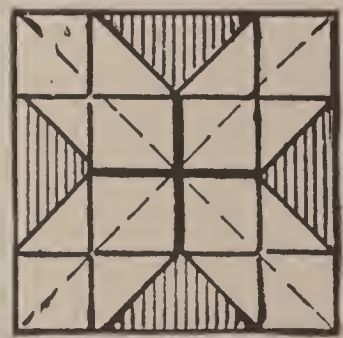


FIG. 35.

each child could make. Even careless Susie and impatient Harry had made some very good foldings of the paper squares. Little Tommy, whose hands at the first were none too clean, now came with unchallenged fingers to fold the whitest and neatest forms of beauty. The children were not a little mystified concerning the numbers of folded squares they had made. Why should they make 122 red squares, like Fig. 33, and 108 white squares like Fig. 34, while only fifty-six blue squares were folded like Fig. 35?

But the day came at last when the mystery was solved.

The teacher brought to the schoolroom a large sheet of manilla paper twenty-six inches wide and forty-four inches long. Some strong glue and a few brushes were obtained, and the children were allowed to paste the blue squares upon the paper at the upper left corner in seven rows of eight squares each. Then a stripe of red, extending along the upper side, was made of fourteen red squares. A similar stripe of white was made of as many

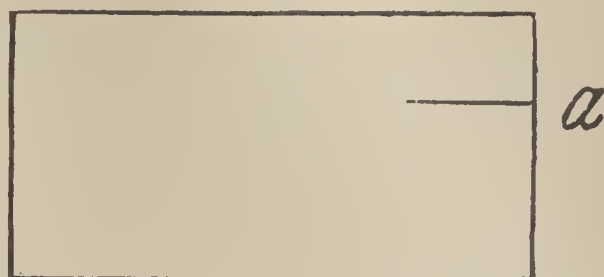


FIG. 36.

white squares, and this was continued in alternation until seven short stripes were finished. "Old Glory" was rising before the children's eyes, ere the first long white stripe of twenty-two squares was reached, and made to extend across the paper along the field of blue. Before the last long red stripe was finished, the little flagmakers were wild with delight. A strong cord was passed through the left edge of the paper, and the flag was nearly finished. "We must make some white stars," said the teacher, as the school was dismissed for the day.

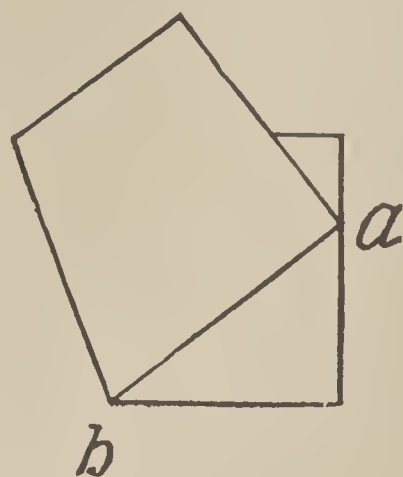


FIG. 37.

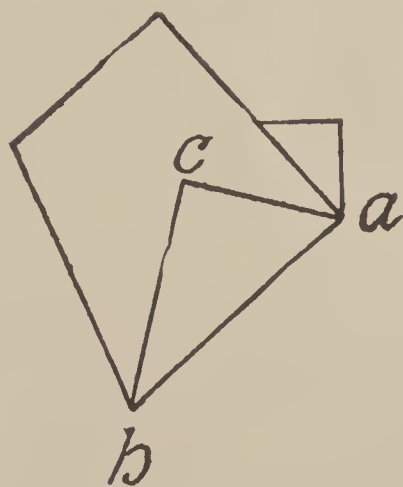


FIG. 38.

Little Johnny went home wishing that he knew how to make the five-pointed stars that the pretty flag lacked. The sober little face attracted the attention of his father, and when the cause of the thoughtfulness came out, a pair of scissors was borrowed from mother's workbox, and soon the dark hair of the father and the tousled yellow

curls of the son were close together over the squares of white paper. A shout of joy followed the exhibition of the result of the final clip of the scissors, and perhaps you would like to have us bring you near enough to see what the boy and man were doing. Shall we not do so? This is the way they did it: A square of white paper was folded into an oblong, and the right-hand edge was divided into three parts, with a slight crease marking the upper third at *a* (Fig. 36). Then the lower left corner was brought up to touch the point *a* (Fig. 37). The paper was then folded along the line *ab* to form Fig. 38; and then backward along *bc* to form Fig. 39. The oblique cut is made along the dotted line

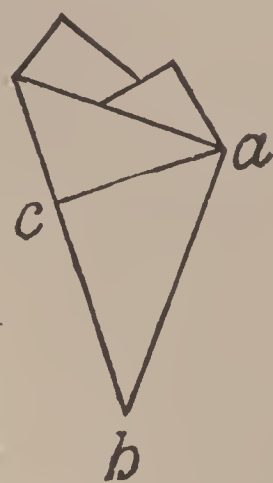


FIG. 39.

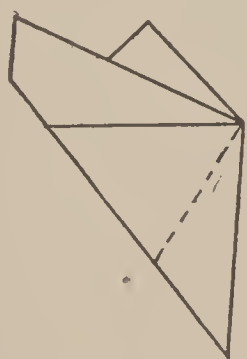


FIG. 40.

The oblique cut is made along the dotted line (Fig. 40), and the five-pointed star of the American flag was produced.

Johnny had the story of Betsey Ross to tell when he carried his star in triumph into the schoolroom the next day. You know the story. Mistress Betsey surprised the great Washington himself as the deft fingers folded the paper, and

the single clip of the scissors produced the perfect five-pointed star. And Johnny's surprise for both class and teacher was not less complete, as the eager little fellow taught them how to make the beautiful stars. Soon the forty-five stars were all cut, and when mounted upon the blue field, gave the crowning touch to "Old Glory." Placed upon the walls of the schoolroom, it was, indeed, more beautiful than a silken flag. Visitors who saw the flag and motto, "By angel hands to valor given," smiled upon the teacher and looked wise.



FIG. 41.

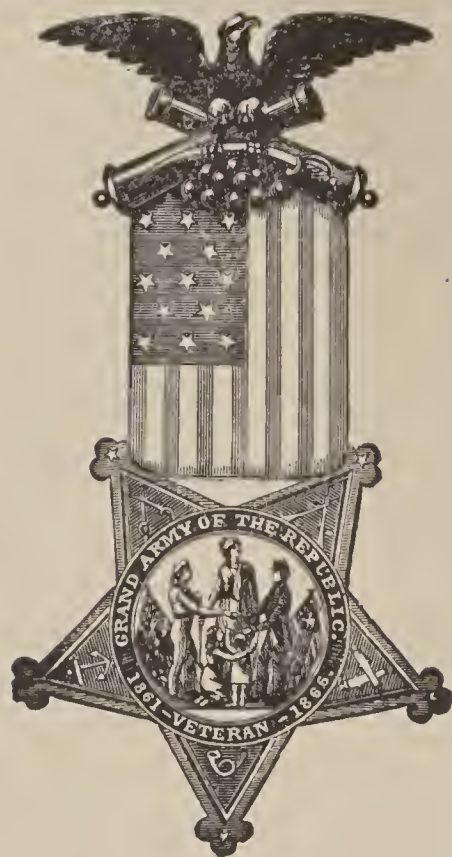


FIG. 42.

BADGE OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC

Decoration Day

We deck to-day each soldier's grave,
We come with offerings pure and white
To bind the brows of those who gave
Their all to keep our honor bright.

We cannot pay the debt we owe ;
They gave their lives that we might live ;
Our warmest words fall far below
The worship that we fain would give.

O country ! fairest of the free ;
Columbia !—name forever blest ;

O lost "Atlantis" of the sea
Securely anchored in the West!

Unfold the flag their hands have borne!
The shreds of many a well-fought field;
The stripes alone are rent and torn,
The stars are there, our sacred shield.

Those stars are ours because they died,
The blue is dearer for their sake,
Who sleep on many a green hill-side,
In ranks that never more will break.

For well they wore the color true
That holds our constellation fair,
And evermore the "Boys in Blue"
Shall have a day of rest and prayer.

Yes, martyred heroes of the free!
We kneel beside your mounds and pray
That God our nation's guard may be,
And comrades' hope from day to day.

O day baptized in blood and tears!
The blood was theirs, the tears are ours;
And children's children through the years
Will strew their graves with sweetest flowers.

And loving garlands all in bloom
Shall evermore their deeds entwine,
And decorate the soldier's tomb
From Southern palm to Northern pine.

Wallace Bruce.

The Slave's Prayer

We had tramped through field and forest,
O the long and dreary way !
With the stars alone to guide us,
For we dared not move by day—
Jack and I, two Union soldiers,
Just escaped from prison-shed,
Squalid, ghastly, shoeless, starving,
And no place to ask for bread ;

Swimming rivers deep and swollen,
Crossing mountains grim and dark,
Wading marshes, crouched in thickets,
Trembling at the bloodhound's bark.
O the chill nights marched in silence,
As the weeks crept slowly past ;
Leagues away the Union army,
Where we dreamed of peace at last.

But our strength was well-nigh broken,
When, one night,—the Lord be praised !—
Right before us, through the pine-trees,
Suddenly a camp-fire blazed.
Straight we turned, but stayed our footsteps,
As upon the evening air
Came the gentle, broken accents
Of a heartfelt, earnest prayer.

Drawing nearer through the shadows,
Creeping close from tree to tree,
There a white-haired slave was kneeling,
Asking God for liberty.

And the words were sweet and touching
As the first prayer of a child,
And it seemed that God's own presence
Filled the forest vale and wild.

And the "Amen" that he uttered
Seemed to echo through the trees ;
But it might have been our voices,
For he started from his knees,
And he glanced in fear about him,
And his look was wild with fright.
"Save us ! we are Union soldiers ;
We implore your help to-night.

"Tell us; where's the Union army ?"
And we stood before him there,
Wan and ghost-like, hardly human,
Haggard phantoms of despair.
Then we sat and told our story
While he served his simple food,
And the moaning pines above us
Whispered low in plaintive mood.

And the midnight stars were shining
Ere we rose to take our way,
And we knelt—we all were brothers—
As he bowed again to pray.
From that heart by bondage broken,
From that son of toil and pain,
Rose a prayer more true and tender
Than I e'er shall hear again.

And throughout the weary marches,
Through long nights of care and fear,
Those sweet words were ever with us,
Filling both our hearts with cheer.
And we reached the Union army,
And we told our story there,
And the "boys" were hushed and breathless
As we gave that old slave's prayer.

Wallace Bruce.

The Sword of Bunker Hill

He lay upon his dying bed,
His eye was growing dim,
When, with a feeble voice, he called
His weeping son to him :
"Weep not, my boy," the veteran said,
"I bow to Heaven's high will ;
But quickly from yon antlers bring
The sword of Bunker Hill."

The sword was brought ; the soldier's eye
Lit with a sudden flame ;
And, as he grasped the ancient blade,
He murmured Warren's name ;
Then said, "My boy, I leave you gold,
But what is richer still,
I leave you, mark me, mark me, now,
The sword of Bunker Hill.

"'Twas on that dread, immortal day,
I dared the Briton's band,

A captain raised his blade on me,
I tore it from his hand ;
And while the glorious battle raged,
It lightened Freedom's will ;
For, boy, the God of Freedom blessed
The sword of Bunker Hill.

“O keep the sword ; you know what's in
The handle's hollow there :
It shrines, will always shrine, that lock
Of Washington's own hair.
The terror of oppression's here ;
Despots ! your own graves fill,
O'er Vernon's gift God's seal is on
The sword of Bunker Hill.

“O keep the sword”—his accents broke ;
A smile, and he was dead—
But his wrinkled hand still grasped the blade
Upon that dying bed.
The son remains, the sword remains,
Its glory growing still ;
And fifty millions bless the sire
And sword of Bunker Hill.

A hundred years have smiled o'er us
Since for the priceless gem
Of Might with Right that moveless make
Our Nation's diadem.
Putnam, Stark, Prescott, Warren fought
So centuries might thrill
To see the whole world made free by
The sword of Bunker Hill.—*William R. Wallace.*



FIG. 43.

Liberty and Independence

There was tumult in the city
In the quaint old Quaker town :
And the streets were rife with people
Pacing restless up and down ;
People gathering at corners,
Where they whispered each to each ;
And the sweat stood on their temples
With the earnestness of speech.

As the black Atlantic currents
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the State House
So they surged against the door ;
And the mingling of their voices
Made a harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
Was all turbulent with sound.

“Will they do it?” “Dare they do it?”
“Who is speaking?” “What’s the news?”
“What of Adams?” “What of Sherman?”
“Oh, God grant they won’t refuse!”
“Make some way there!” “Let me nearer!”
“I am stifling!” “Stifle, then!”
When a nation’s life’s at hazzard,
We’ve no time to think of men!”

So they beat against the portal,
Man and woman, maid and child.
And the July sun in heaven
On the scene looked down and smiled:
The same sun that saw the Spartan
Shed his patriot blood in vain,
Now beheld the soul of freedom,
All unconquered, rise again.

See ! See ! The dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthened line,
As the boy beside the portal
Looks forth to give the sign ;
With his little hands uplifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark ! with deep, clear intonation
Breaks his young voice on the air.

Hushed the people’s swelling murmur,
List the boy’s exultant cry,
“Ring !” he shouts, “Ring, Grandpa !
Ring ! oh, ring for Liberty !”

Quickly at the given signal
The old bellman lifts his hand,—
Forth he sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.

How they shouted! What rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of freedom ruffled
The calm, gliding Delaware.
How the bonfires and the torches
Lighted up the night's repose;
And from the flames, like fabled Phœnix,
Our glorious Liberty arose.

That old State House bell is silent,—
Hushed is now its clamorous tongue;
But the spirit it awakened
Still is living—ever young.
And when we greet the smiling sunlight
On the fourth of each July,
We will ne'er forget the bellman
Who, betwixt the earth and sky,
Rang out loudly "*Independence!*"
Which, please God, shall never die.

Anonymous.

The Liberty Bell

When the State House at Philadelphia was approaching completion in 1751, a committee was empowered to obtain a bell for the building. The bell was to have inscribed on it the words: "By Order of the Assembly of the Province of Penn-

sylvania, for the State House in the City of Philadelphia, 1752," and underneath, "Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land and unto the inhabitants thereof." The bell arrived from England, but when hung in its place, was cracked by the first stroke of the clapper. A similar bell was cast by two expert workmen of Philadelphia, and the new American bell was mounted in place in June, 1753. This was the bell that on the memorable day in July, 1776, rang out the glad tidings to the citizens of Philadelphia that a new nation had sprung into existence.

In connection with the history of the Liberty Bell a strange coincidence may be related. As if in accordance with the Divine commands implied in the full text chosen for the inscription on the bell,—“And ye shall hallow the fiftieth year, and proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof; it shall be a jubilee unto you, and ye shall return every man unto his possession, and ye shall return every man unto his family,”—for full fifty years old Liberty Bell continued to celebrate every national anniversary, and then it cracked, as if it had fulfilled the purpose implied in the Holy writ, and became forever mute.

Old Liberty Bell has seen many vicissitudes. When the American army, in 1777, was about to retire from Philadelphia, the bell was taken down and transported to Allentown in order that it might not fall into the hands of the British. It was never again placed in its original position. It is now installed in the vestibule of Independence Hall, upon its original framework, where it remains in dignified retirement.

If the children in our schools learn the story of the old bell, there will be no cause to fear that a so-called cosmopolitanism will supplant that true love of country with which the heart should burn. We believe in the *enthusiastic* variety of patriotism. Cousin says, “Fortunate are those who have received from

nature the sacred fire of enthusiasm ! They ought religiously to preserve it."

PROGRAMMES

Patriotic Anniversaries

Among the exercises that will be found most valuable in the schoolroom are those intended to cultivate a love for the beautiful as shown in the writings of the poets. The selections made should not be limited to the works of our American poets, yet the opposite extreme should be as certainly discouraged. No patriotic teacher will ever fail to recognize Bryant, Lowell, Longfellow, and Whittier as numbered among the world's greatest poets.

A programme for "Poets' Day" may be made from the poems of several writers, or we may centralize the attention upon the works of one author in a programme for "Longfellow's Birthday." (Portland, Me., February 27, 1807)

The work should be so arranged as to combine instruction with pleasant entertainment, and to show the parents and friends of the school what the children are actually learning along these lines. Every part of it should bear distinctly upon the subject in hand, and much of the preparation may be made by the pupils at home and independently. Selections may be made from *Miles Standish*, *Evangeline*, *Hiawatha*, *The Psalm of Life*, *The Golden Legend*, *The Building of the Ship*, and other poems of the author. One pupil should prepare a short biographical sketch, and the addition of music and the acrostic exercise will give a pleasing variety to the programme.

LIVES of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of time.

HOLY Night! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before!
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more.

NOTHING useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest.

GOD sent His singers upon earth,
With songs of sadness and of mirth,
That they might touch the hearts of men,
And bring them back to heaven again.

FOR the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

ENCAMPED beside Life's rushing stream,
In Fancy's misty light,
Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam
Portentous through the night.

LABOR with what zeal we will,
Something still remains undone,
Something uncompleted still
Waits the rising of the sun.

LIKE Winkelried, he took
Into his manly breast
The sheaf of hostile spears, and broke
A path for the oppressed.

WEARY hearts! O slumbering eyes!
O drooping souls, whose destinies
Are fraught with fear and pain,
Ye shall be loved again!

WE speak of friends and their fortunes,
And of what they did and said,
Till the dead alone seem living,
And the living alone seem dead.

Longfellow's Birthday

[Portland, Me., February 27, 1807]

ROLL-CALL	-	Quotations	-	By Pupils
MUSIC	-	"Stars of the Summer Night"	-	<i>Pease</i>
RECITATION	-	Selection from "The Building of the Ship"		
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH	-		-	Edith Balsley
MUSIC	-	"A Psalm of Life"	-	<i>Himmel</i>
ESSAY	-	"Courtship of Miles Standish"		
RECITATION	-		-	"Excelsior"
ACROSTIC	-	"Longfellow"	-	By Ten Girls
MUSIC	-	"The Day is Done"	-	<i>Slavonic Folk Song</i>

Another programme may contain:—Music, "The Arrow and the Song," *Balfe*; Selection from "Evangeline"; Essay; Music, "The Rainy Day," *Dempster*; Names of Important Poems; Recitation, "The Bridge"; Music, "America."

BRYANT DAY—November 3. Cumington, Mass., 1794. Selections from "Thanatopsis"; "Ode to a Waterfowl"; "Robert of Lincoln"; "To the Fringed Gentian"; "The Planting of the Apple-tree"; "Abraham Lincoln."

WHITTIER DAY—December 17. Haverhill, Mass., 1807. Selections from "Snow-Bound"; "Barbara Frietchie"; "The Red River Voyageur"; "Laus Deo"; "Yorktown"; "The Angels of Buena Vista"; Selections from "The Barefoot Boy"; "Brown of Ossawatimie"; "The Prayer of Agassiz"; "Our Country."

Washington's Birthday

SALUTATION OF THE FLAG	-	-	-	<i>By the School</i>
MUSIC	-	-	-	"Columbia the Gem of the Ocean"
ORATION	-	-	-	"Washington"
RECITATION	-	-	-	"The Sword of Bunker Hill"
COLOR DRILL	-	-	-	"Our Flag" <i>Primary Grade</i>
MUSIC	-	-	-	"Hail Columbia"
WASHINGTON'S MAXIMS	-	-	-	"Selected Precepts" <i>Pupils</i>
RECITATION	-	-	-	"Washington at Newburgh"
ACROSTIC III.	-	-	-	"Under the Old Elm" <i>Ten Young Ladies</i>
MUSIC	-	-	-	"Rally Round the Flag"

Another programme is suggested as follows :—Music, "Star-Spangled Banner"; Recitation, "True Patriotism"; Biographical Sketch ; Acrostic II—"Liberty"; Music, "Our Flag is There"; Flag Drill II.; Tributes to Washington—Selected ; Exercise, 'Date Drill,' or "The Color Bearers"; Music, "America."

LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY—February 12, Hardin County, Ky., 1809. Music, "Battle Hymn of the Republic"; Recitation, "Lincoln at Gettysburg," *Wallace Bruce*; "Tributes to Lincoln"; "Flag Drill I. with Manual of Arms"; Old War Song, "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground"; Biographical Sketch ; Recitation, "The Slave's Prayer"; Reading of Emancipation Proclamation ; Music, "Marching Through Georgia"; Recitation, "The Flag of Our Union Forever"; Acrostic IV., "Lincoln"; Music, "When this Cruel War is Over"; Recitation, "The Blue and the Gray"; Music, "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching."

Memorial

SATURDAY, MAY 30



Day

1896

NORMAL CHAPEL, SLIPPERY ROCK, PA.

PROGRAMME

PRAYER	- - - - -	REV. W. A. BAKER
NATIONAL HYMN—"America"	- - -	By the People
MUSIC—"Battle Hymn of the Republic"	-	<i>Julia Ward Howe</i>
		HARRY M. CAMPBELL
FLAG DRILL I.	- - - - -	From "Old Glory"
		PUPILS FROM MODEL SCHOOL
SOLO—"Tenting on the Old Camp Ground"		<i>Walter Kittredge</i>
		ALINE SHEFFIELD
ADDRESS	- - - - -	HON. AARON L. HAZEN
SOLO AND CHORUS	- - -	"The Noble Boys in Blue"
		CARRIE BLACK
OBLIGATO AND CHORUS	- - -	"Sleep, Soldier, Sleep"
		EMMA LOEFFLER
QUARTETTE	- - - - -	"The Glorious Chief"
BENEDICTION	- - -	REV. G. R. EDMUNDSON

Another programme may be as follows :—Music, "The Star-Spangled Banner"; Oration, "Memorial Day"; Old War Song, "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp"; Flag Drill II., By the Pupils; Recitation, "Decoration Day," *Wallace Bruce*; Music, "Battle Hymn of the Republic"; Recitation, "Martyrs for Freedom"; Acrostic, 'Lincoln'; Music, "America"; Benediction.

A FLAG BY FOLDING

Many of the forms given in the diagrams in "Frœbel's Square" may be used with good effect in the production of many ornaments for the schoolroom. Thus the making of a flag will be found an interesting variation of the usual exercises in paper-folding. Have each child fold three or four of the forms of any of the simple designs shown in Figs. 45—49, or 33—35, using red, white, and blue squares for the purpose. Let the children paste these units upon a large sheet of manilla paper, so as to form a Union flag with its thirteen stripes and forty-five stars in the field of blue. The stars may be cut out according to the foldings shown in Figs. 36—41, and should be pasted over the blue units used in making the field. The spirit of co-operation incident to the making is basic in the education of the children, since society will require of them unity of aim in after life. The flag may be made for use on Washington's birthday, or other national holiday. One hundred twenty-two squares are required for the seven red stripes, and one hundred eight squares for the white stripes. Fifty-six squares are required for the blue field. In this design, the field should be fourteen inches wide and sixteen inches long. The short stripes—seven in number—should be twenty-eight inches long, while the six long stripes should be forty-four inches long. Mount the squares upon a piece of manilla paper twenty-six inches by forty-four inches, with a piece of strong cord passed through the end near the field. (Fig. F) Hang the flag upon the wall as a decoration.

Forms of Beauty from the Square

FIRST BASIS OR FUNDAMENTAL

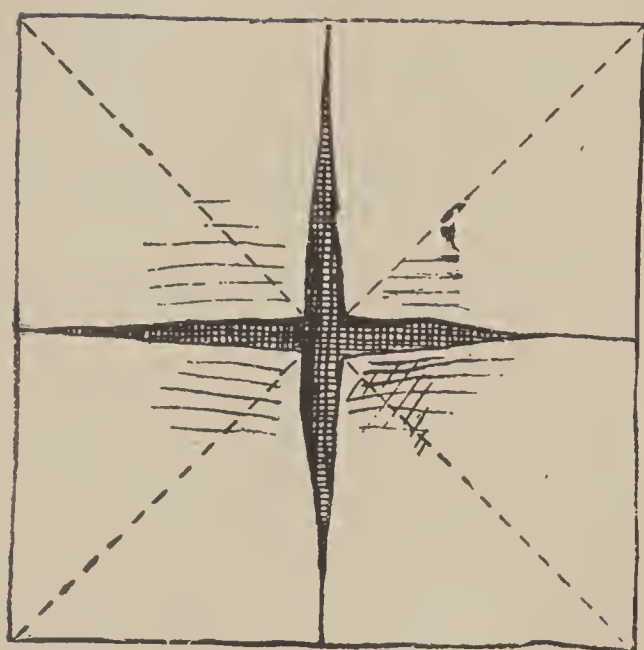


FIG. 44.

As the basis of the first series of forms of beauty, we shall take the form of life folded in Lesson VI of the Primary Lessons. (Frœbel's Square)

This is the **handkerchief box**, and may be folded according to these directions:—

1. Fold the two diameters and two diagonals of the square. Open to the square, and fold each corner to the center. Turn the paper over, and again turn

the corners to the center. To make the second in sequence,—

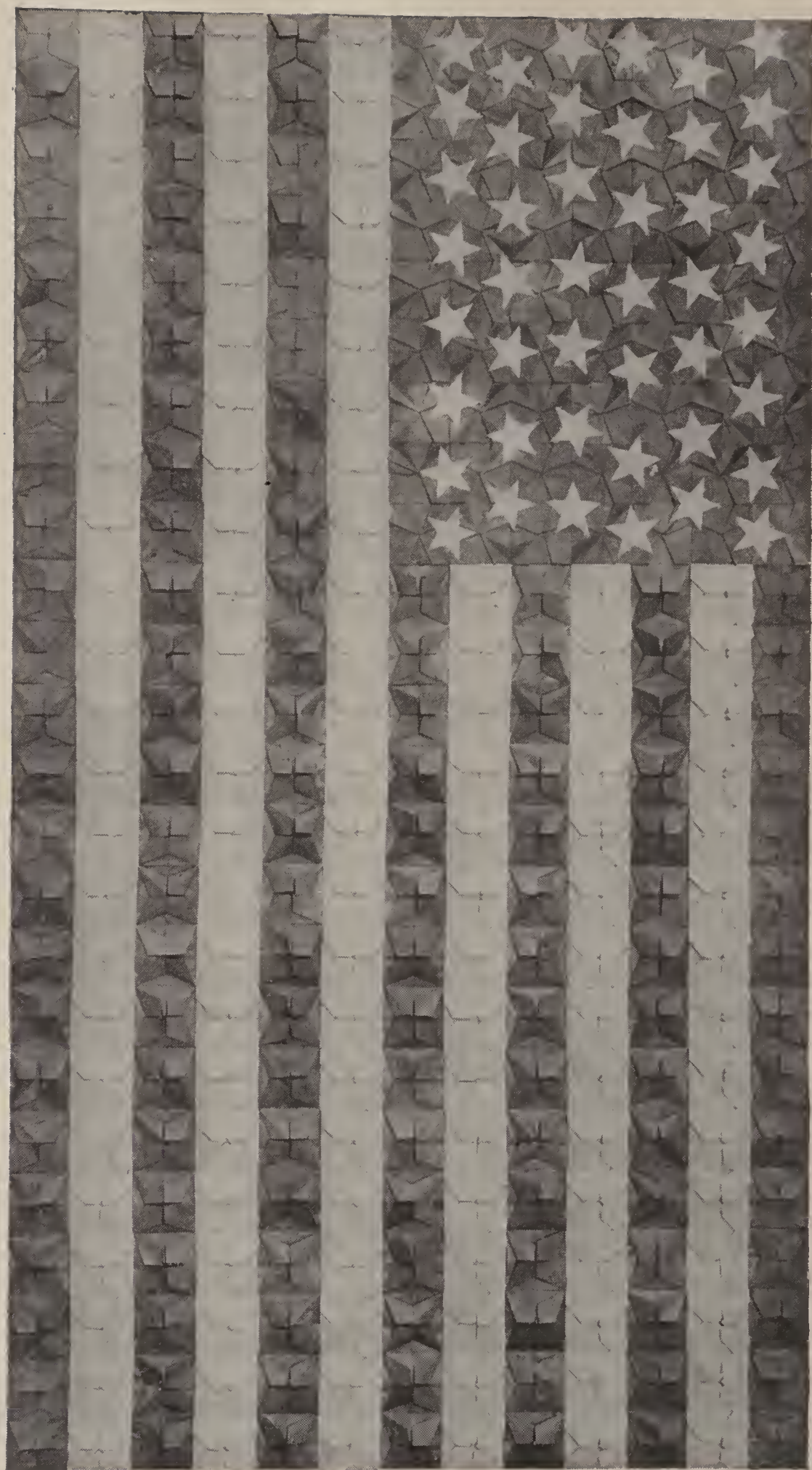
2. Fold the inner corners of the small squares over the outer corners, making a triangle in each corner. (Fig. 45)

3. Fold the vertex over to the middle of the opposite base in each triangle. (Fig. 46)

4. Fold a form like Fig. 46, and turn back the folded parts along the diagonals of the small squares to form the photograph holder. (Fig. 47)

5. Smooth the paper back to the fundamental after making Fig. 45, and fold the inner corners of the little squares to the centers of the diagonals. (Fig. 48)

6. Fold these laps around the creased diagonals backward toward the corners. (Fig. 49)

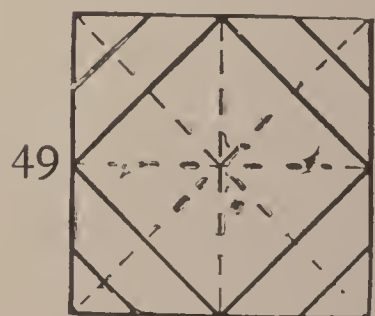
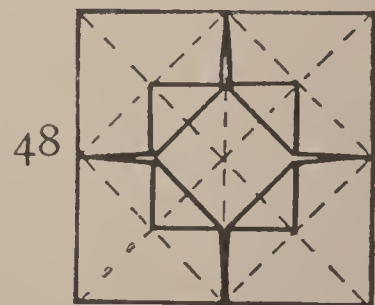
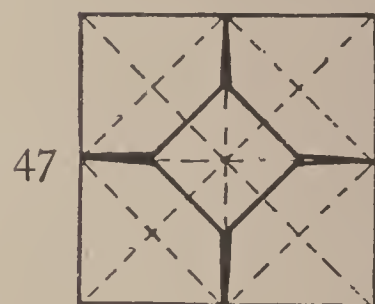
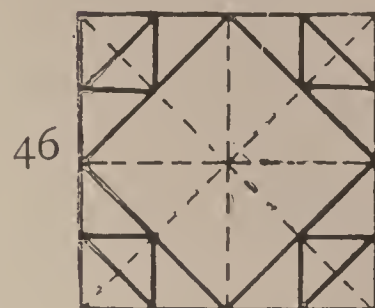
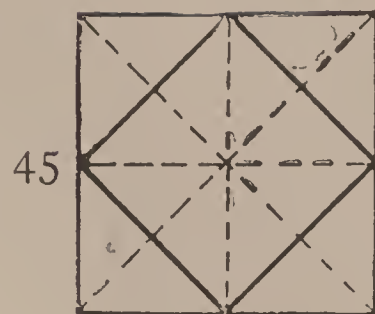


We find that in many cases the forms of life and knowledge are contained, as it were, in the forms of beauty. Thus these ornamental, symmetrical forms will often represent real or concrete things, while at the same time the attention of the child may be attracted to an observance of the mathematical relations. A rosette or star may be a form of life, a form of knowledge, and a form of beauty, all at once. Having many lines and angles symmetrically placed, they are *forms of beauty*; the relations between these lines and angles show forth the *forms of knowledge*; while the use of such stars and rosettes as *forms of life* may be seen in the stained glass windows of churches.

Education should begin with the *management* of material, or manual work, then proceed to the *transformation* of material, which constitutes art, and finally lead up to the *spiritualization* of material.

All hand work must be done well or ill, and there is an immense gulf between careful and obedient doing, and the botching and patching necessary to cover the results of careless work.

In order to obtain the best results, it is absolutely necessary that the foldings be made by all the children in the same way. The work should be done from dictation rather than by imitation. Children are best taught through individual thought and action.



SECOND BASIS OR FUNDAMENTAL

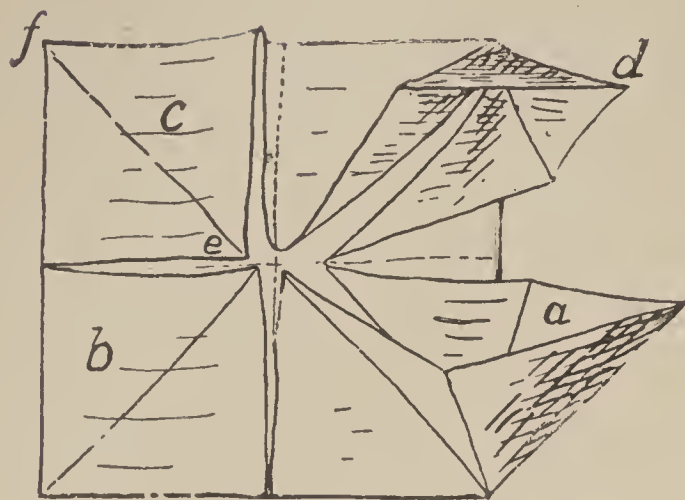


FIG. 50.

1. Fold the table cloth form as given in the Primary Lessons, and make from this the six-sided form shown in Fig. 27 of the same lessons. Take any one of the sharp points, and opening out the little pocket as at *a*, press it down flat to the center. Do the same with all four. This fundamental is rich in forms

of beauty which may be used in making frames for school work, birthday charts, valentines, flags, and mottoes.

Let the children join in making their work a united and common one, and there will come forth a beautiful combination as the result of unity of thought and action. The glazed papers are very pretty for this sequence of forms. The figures are brought out in relief in white upon a colored background in many of the derived forms.

2. Fold the corner *e* back to *f*, (Fig. 50), and do the same with the other points at the center.

3. Notice the upper left-hand square of Fig. 50. Fold down its upper right corner to the diagonal at *c*. Fold up the lower right corner of the upper right hand square, and complete by opposites.

4. Fold the preceding form, and turn over the remaining corners of the squares. (Fig. 35)

5. The next pattern is the opposite of Fig. 35, making the the same general design, but showing the smooth side uppermost. (Fig. 34)

Flag Day

[June 14, 1777]

SALUTATION OF THE FLAG (Page 31)	-	-	<i>By the Pupils</i>
MUSIC	-	-	"Rally Round the Flag"
SKETCH	-	"The History of the Flag"	<i>Ruth Braham</i>
RECITATION	-	-	"O Captain! My Captain!"
SELECTIONS	-	From "The Color Bearers"	<i>By Five Pupils</i>
RECITATION	-	-	Drake's "American Flag"
MUSIC	-	-	"The Star-Spangled Banner"
SELECTED ORATION	-	"Lincoln's Address at Gettysburg"	
COLOR DRILL	-	"Our Flag"	<i>Primary Grade</i>
RECITATION	-	-	Bryant's "Abraham Lincoln"
ACROSTIC IV.	-	"Lincoln"	<i>By Seven Boys</i>
MUSIC	-	-	"America"

[This Programme may be used for Lincoln's Birthday.]

Arbor Day

Music, "Swinging 'Neath the Old Apple Tree"; Reading of the Proclamation; Essay, "Origin and History of Arbor Day"; Recitation, "Woodman, Spare that Tree"; Music, "The Ivy Green"; Oration, "The Value of Trees"; Drill II, using boughs instead of flags; Concert Reading, "The Forest Hymn"; Recitation, "To a Mountain Daisy"; Song, "The Brave Old Oak"; Essay, "Historic Trees"; Recitation, "What Plant We in the Apple Tree"; Music, "America."

When to Display the Flag

January 1,—Emancipation Proclamation.

February 12,—Birthday of Lincoln.

February 22,—Birthday of Washington.

April 9,—Appomattox.

April 19,—Battle of Lexington.

May 30,—Decoration Day.

June 14,—Adoption of the Flag by Congress. (Flag Day)

June 17,—Battle of Bunker Hill.

July 4,—Declaration of Independence.

September 10,—Perry's Victory.

September 22,—Emancipation Proposed.

October 12—21,—Discovery of America.

October 17,—Surrender of Burgoyne, Saratoga.

October 19,—Surrender of Cornwallis.

December 21,—Landing of the Pilgrims.

Selections for Patriotic Occasions

All Hail 'Thou Glorious Morn, *Charles Davis*—A Star of the West, and Tribute to Washington, *Eliza Cook*—A Woman of the War, *Rossiter Johnson*—Barbara Frietchie, and The Slave Ships, *Whittier*—Dirge for a Soldier, and The Black Regiment, *George H. Boker*—Freedom our Queen, God Save the Flag, Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill, Lexington, Never or Now, Ode for Washington's Birthday, Old Ironsides, and Union and Liberty, *Holmes*—Gettysburg, and Wanted a Man, *E. C. Stedman*—In His Name, *Edward E. Hale*—John Burns at Gettysburg, and The Reveille, *Bret Harte*—Jonathan to John, Under the Old Elm, and Washington, *Lowell*—Kenan's Charge, *G. P. Lathrop*—Sheridan's Ride, *T. B. Read*—Paul Revere's Ride, *Longfellow*.

THE BADGES OF THE ARMY CORPS

The badge of the **First Corps** during the War of the Rebellion was a circle. (Fig. 51) The different Divisions of this corps, as in all other corps, were distinguished by the color of the badge as follows:—First Division, *red*; Second Division, *white*; Third Division, *blue*; Fourth Division, *green*; Fifth Division, *orange*. The First Corps was commanded successively by Generals McDowell, Hooker, Reynolds, Wadsworth, and Newton. It was engaged in battle at Mechanicsville, White Oak Swamp, Groveton, Gainesville, Manassas, South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Fitzhugh's Crossing, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Mine Run, and many other places. It was a part of the Army of Potomac.

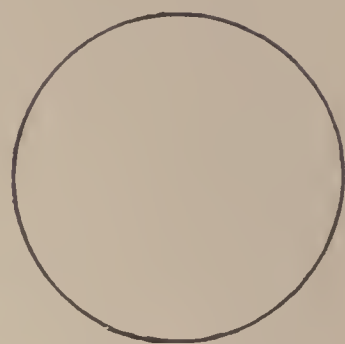


FIG. 51.

The badge of the **Second Corps** was the Shamrock or Clover Leaf. (Fig. 52) This corps was commanded by Sumner, Couch, Sedgwick, Hancock, Hays, Warren, and Humphreys. It participated in the battles of Seven Pines, Fair Oaks, Oak Grove, Savage's Station, Allen's Farm, White Oak Swamp, Malvern Hill, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Bristoe Station, The Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Anna River, Totopotomoy, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Boydton, and elsewhere. It formed part of the Army of the Potomac.



FIG. 52.



FIG. 53.

The **Third Corps** had for its badge a diamond or lozenge. (Fig. 53) This corps was organized in 1862, and formed part of the Army of the Potomac. The corps was discontinued in March, 1864. It took part in the battles of Seven Pines, Fair Oaks, Oak Grove, White Oak Swamp, Malvern Hill, Kettle Run, Groveton, Gainesville, Manassas, Chantilly, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Wapping Heights, and Mine Run. It had as its commanders in succession, Generals Heintzelman, Kearney, Stoneman, Sickles, and French.

The **Fourth Corps** was originally organized in 1862, and then formed part of the Army of the Potomac. It had for its badge an equilateral triangle, (Fig. 54), and was commanded by Keyes, Granger, Howard, Wood, and Stanley. The troops were engaged in battle at Seven Pines, Fair Oaks, Oak Grove, White Oak Swamp, Malvern Hill, and Antietam. In September,



FIG. 54.

1863, the Twentieth (Fig. 65) and Twenty-first Corps were united to form the Fourth Corps in the Army of the Cumberland. This corps took part in the battles of Orchard Knob, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Buzzard Roost, Resaca, Lost Mountain, and Nashville.

The **Fifth Corps** was organized in 1862, and continued until the close of the war. It had for its badge a Maltese cross, (Fig. 55), and was commanded by Generals Banks, Porter, Hooker, Butterfield, Meade, Sykes, Warren, and Griffin. It was engaged in the battles of Mechanicsville, Cold Harbor, White Oak Swamp, Malvern Hill, Manassas, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Bristoe Station, Mine Run, The Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Anna River, To-

topotomoy, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Weldon Railroad, Preble's Farm, Dabney's Mills, 55
Boydton, and Five Forks. It was a prominent corps in the Army of the Potomac.

The **Sixth Corps**, organized in 1862, was also a portion of the Army of the Potomac. Its badge, the Greek cross, (Fig. 56) 56
was seen beside the Maltese cross of the Fifth corps on many a battlefield. At Fredericksburg, at Chancellorsville, in sad and sharp experience and brave but hopeless effort, the men learned to "stand in the evil hour," and "having done all to stand." They 57
fought through to the end, and gained the glorious crown. The generals who commanded this corps at different times in its history were Franklin, Smith, Sedgwick, Getty, and Wright. The principal battles in which the corps engaged were Savage's Station, White Oak Swamp, Malvern Hill, South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Salem Heights, Marye's Heights, Gettysburg, Mine Run, The Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Monocacy, Opequon (Winchester), Fisher's Hill, Cedar Creek, and Dabney's Mills. The First, Second, Ninth, and Twelfth corps were most completely engaged at Antietam; the Fifth and Sixth corps suffered a much smaller loss.

The **Seventh Corps** had for its badge the Crescent and Star, (Fig. 61), and was

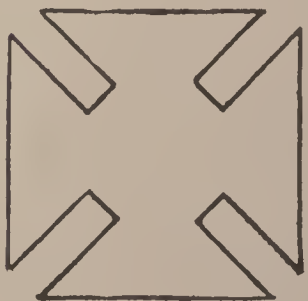
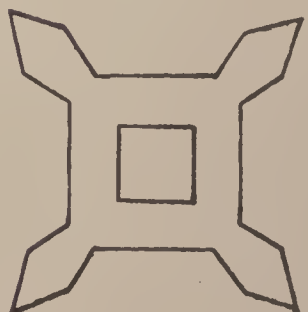
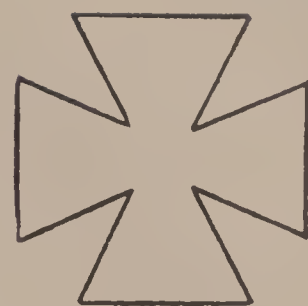




FIG. 61.

commanded by Dix, Nagles, Steele, and Reynolds. It fought at Arkadelphia, and many other places on the border.

The **Eighth Corps** was commanded by Wool, Schenck, Lockwood, Wallace, and Ord. The badge was the six pointed star. (Fig. 62) The battles were Berrysville, Opequon, Fisher's Hill, and Cedar Creek.

The **Ninth Corps** formed part of the army of the Potomac. The badge was a shield with cannon and anchor crossed. (Fig. 63) The commanders were Burnside, Willcox, Smith, Parke, and Potter. It was engaged in battle at Groveton, Gainesville, Manassas, Chantilly, South Mountain, Antietam, White Sulphur Springs, Fredericksburg, Jackson, The Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Anna River, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Fort Sedgwick, and Preble's Farm.

The **Tenth Corps** had for its badge the decorated square shown in Fig. 59, and was composed of forces in the Department of the South. It was commanded by Mitchell, Brannan, Hunter, Gilmore, Terry, Brooks, Birney, and Ames. The most noted battles in which it was engaged were at Petersburg Railroad, Swift Creek, Drury's Bluff, Bermuda Hundred, Strawberry Plains, New Market Heights, Fair Oaks, and Fort Fisher.

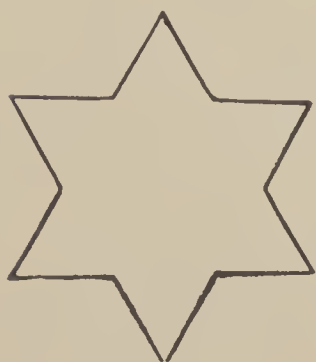


FIG. 62.

The **Eleventh Corps**, having for its badge the Crescent, (Fig. 64), and commanded by Sigel, Stahel, Von Steinwehr, Schurz, and Howard, was consolidated with the Twelfth to form the Twentieth Corps. The badge of the **Twelfth Corps** was the five-pointed star, which became that of the **Twentieth Corps**. (Fig. 65) The command-

ers of the Twelfth were Mansfield, Williams, and Slocum; while the Twentieth Corps was commanded by McCook, Hooker, Williams, Slocum, and Mower. The battles were Antietam, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Orchard Knob, Lookout Mountain, and Missionary Ridge.

The **Thirteenth Corps** was originally under the command of General Grant, and had no badge. The one shown in Fig. 66 was adopted by the surviving members of the corps in 1887. The commanders were Grant,



FIG. 64.



FIG. 65.

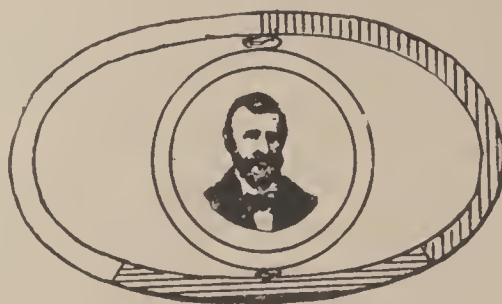


FIG. 66.



FIG. 67.

McClelland, Ord, Dana, and Granger. The principal battles were Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Arkansas Post, Deer Creek, Port Gibson, Baker's Creek, and Vicksburg.

The **Fourteenth Corps** was originally composed of all the forces of the Army of the Cumberland, and was placed under the command of General W. S. Rosecrans. Its badge was the Acorn. (Fig. 67) The commanders were Rosecrans, Thomas, Palmer, Johnson, and Davis. Afterwards the **Twentieth** and **Twenty-first Corps** were separated to form, with the reorganized Fourteenth, the Army of the Cumberland. The commanders of the Twenty-first Corps were Crittenden, Wood, and Palmer. The chief battles in which these corps took part were Stone's Run, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Orchard Knob, Lookout Mountain,

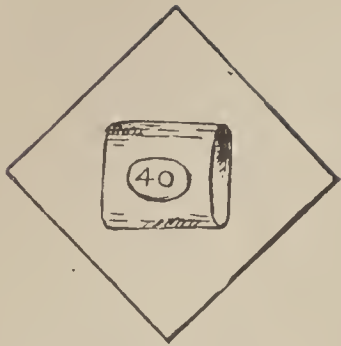


FIG. 68.

Missionary Ridge, Resaca, Jonesboro, Atlanta, Savannah, and Bentonville.

The **Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Seventeenth Army Corps** were formed from troops in Grant's command. The badges were the square, (Fig. 68), the Cross Formy, (Fig. 58), and the Arrow. (Fig. 69) The commanders of the Fifteenth were Sher-

man, Blair, Logan, Osterhaus, and Hazen ; of the Sixteenth, Hurlbut, Dana, and Smith ; of the Seventeenth, McPherson, Blair, Ransom,

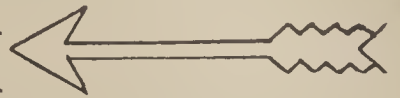


FIG. 69.

and Belknap. The Fifteenth Corps was in battle at Arkansas Post, Black Bayou, Jackson, Vicksburg, Canton, Orchard Knob, Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Snake Creek, Resaca, Jonesboro, Atlanta, Ship's Gap, Fort McAllister, Ogeechee, Savannah, and Columbia. The Sixteenth Corps fought at Coldwater, Jackson, Resaca, Mansura, Hurricane Creek, Vicksburg, Jonesboro, and Nashville. The Seventeenth Corps fought at Port Gibson, Raymond, Jackson, Baker's Creek, Vicksburg, Canton, Jonesboro, Ogeechee, Savannah, Binnaker's Bridge, Orangeburg, and Bentonville.

The **Eighteenth Corps** had for its badge the ornamental form shown in Fig. 57. The corps was originally composed of troops serving in North Carolina. The entire Seventh Corps was afterwards transferred to this corps. The corps commanders were Foster, Palmer, Butler, Smith, Ord, Gibbon, and Weitzel. It fought at Petersburg, Swift Creek, Drury's Bluff, Bermuda Hundred, New Market Heights, and Fair Oaks. It was discontinued in December, 1864.

The **Nineteenth Corps** was originally composed of the troops in the Department of the Gulf. The badge was the quadrated Maltese cross shown in Fig. 60. The corps com-

manders were successively Banks, Franklin, Emory, Reynolds, and Grover. The principal battles were those fought by that portion of the corps sent from Washington to aid in the campaign against Early in the Shenandoah Valley. The organization in the Mississippi Military Division was then abolished, having fought at Irish Bend, Port Hudson, and Mansura. In the Shenandoah Valley, the corps was engaged at Berryville, Opequon, Fisher's Hill, and Cedar Creek.

The **Twenty-second Corps** was composed of troops in the Department of Washington. The badge was the cleft pentagonal figure or five-armed cross shown in Fig. 70. The commanders were Heintzelman, Parke, and Augur.

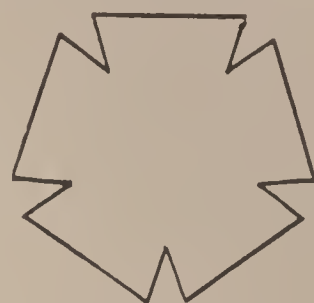


FIG. 70.

Troops in the states of Ohio and Kentucky, not belonging to the Ninth Corps, formed the **Twenty-third Corps**, the badge of which was the shield shown in Fig. 71. Generals Hartsuff, Manson, Cox, Stoneman, Schofield, and Carter were successively the commanders of the corps. This corps fought at Dalton, Resaca, Duck River, Nashville, and Wilmington.



FIG. 71.

The badge of the **Twenty-fourth Corps** was the heart, (Fig. 72). This corps was composed of the white infantry of the Tenth and Eighteenth corps, and had for its commanders Ord, Terry, Devens, Gibbon, and Turner.



FIG. 72.

The **Twenty-fifth Corps** was composed of colored troops serving in North Carolina and Virginia. The badge was the Square, (Fig. 72), and the commanders were Weitzel and Heckman-

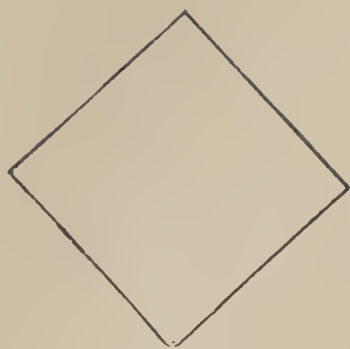


FIG. 73.

These two corps were engaged in battle at Fort Fisher, Wilmington, Petersburg, and Appomattox Court House.

The Cavalry Corps also had distinctive badges, the most general one being the crossed sabers. The Signal Corps was also distinguished by a special badge.

After the close of the war, the various associations or societies of veterans were organized. Handsome badges were adopted, one of which, the badge of the Grand Army of the Republic, is shown on page one hundred seventy

Cutting the Badges

There can be no better busy-work or seat occupation for a class in history than the cutting of some of the corps badges. This desk work should be introduced in connection with the ordinary lesson. Many of the badges here shown may be cut from the square folded as follows:

1. Crease one diagonal by bringing the front left corner over the back right corner.
2. Bring the front acute angle over the back acute angle.
3. Bring the right-hand acute angle over the left-hand acute angle.
4. Make a straight cut parallel to the side or fold of the triangle formed through the preceding foldings.
5. The result of this cut will be the Greek cross, (Fig. 56), the badge of the Sixth Army Corps.

An oblique cut, made from the side to the hypotenuse, will give the Maltese cross, the badge of the Fifth Corps.

THE CONFEDERATE FLAG

The old soldiers of the Union tell many stories concerning their impressions when first they heard the "rebel yell" and saw the rebel flag. Many say they "shivered" whenever it dawned upon their view, and some admit they wanted to run whenever it appeared through the trees of some forest, or rose above the summit of some hill. No doubt the sudden appearance of "Old Glory" under similar circumstances was a cause of like feelings of dread to the soldiers in the Confederate armies. But the soldiers in either army were not men who would turn away from danger. All were sons of Columbia, and how could they be otherwise than brave, no matter what might meet them? Some account of the historic flags of the Confederacy may not be without interest in connection with this history of the flag of our common country. Instead of floating proudly to the breeze for centuries to come, as was once dreamed, these rebel flags are now but mere trophies of the war. But it is better thus. Indeed, the story is told that a large flag of the 150th Pennsylvania Volunteers, captured by the rebels at Gettysburg, was recaptured in the baggage of Jefferson Davis. There can be no doubt but that a spark of patriotism for the old flag, under which he fought so gallantly on the fields of Mexico, still lingered in the heart of this man who had shed his blood in its defense. Into his exile he would carry the emblem which he had once loved so well, and, in its sacred presence, atone for the effort that he had made to destroy the government which it represented. Is

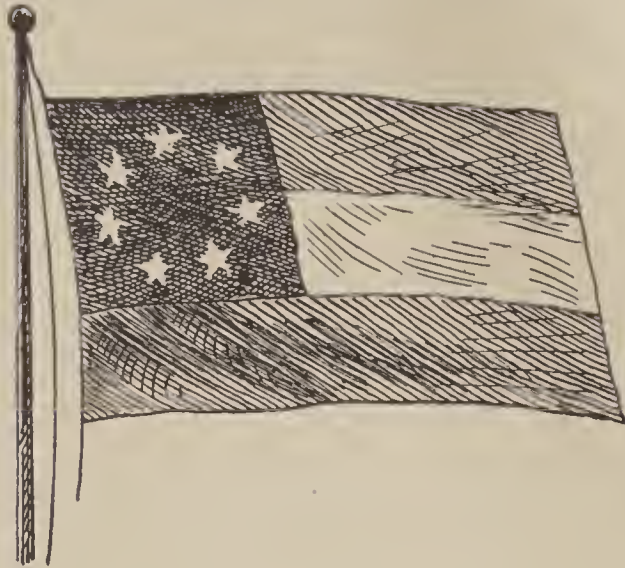


FIG. 74.

it too charitable an act to credit Davis with this last remaining spark of love for "Old Glory?"

At the beginning of the Civil War, the South experienced difficulty in determining upon a distinctive flag for its forces. The old "Stars and Stripes" were as much a part of southern history as of northern; and many people in the Confederacy disliked to part with the old banner under which their fathers had fought on many a hard and bloody field. When at last they chose the "Stars and Bars," it was frequently mistaken on the battlefield for the Federal flag. Previous to the adoption of the rebel flag, and during the heated discussion of the subject, Prof. Morse, the inventor of the telegraph, made the suggestion that the flag be cut in two, and a half given to each section. The plea is pathetic in the extreme. "Referring to this as on a map," he said, "the upper portion being north and the lower portion south, we have the upper end of the division of the blue field, and then six and one-half stripes for the flag of the North. Then we have the lower part of the blue field, and six and one-half stripes for the Southern flag. The number of stars in either blue field shall be equal to the number of states in that confederacy. The rea-

sons for this division are obvious. It prevents all disputes on a claim for the old flag by either confederacy. It is distinctive, for the two cannot be mistaken for each other, either at sea or at a distance on land. Each flag, being a part of the old flag, will retain something of the sacred memories of the past for the sober reflection of each people; and in the event of a war with some foreign nation or combination of nations, the two separate flags, by natural affinity, would clasp fittingly together, and the glorious old flag of the Union in its entirety would be hoisted once more, embracing all the sister states." This division of the old flag was never made, however, and to-day our country's flag floats over the undivided Union where heart answers to heart and hand clasps hand.

The first flag of the Confederacy, the "Stars and Bars," was adopted by the provisional congress March 4, 1861, by its acceptance of the report of the committee on the flag and seal of the Confederate States, submitted by its chairman William Porcher Miles. The design of this flag consisted of a red field with a white space extending horizontally through the center, and equal in width to one-third the width of the flag; the red spaces, above and below, to be the same width as the white; the union blue, extending down through the white space and stopping at the lower red space; in the center of the union, a circle of white stars corresponding in number with the states in the confederacy. This was a return to the arrangement of the stars in the old Revolutionary flag.

The charter members of the Confederacy were South Carolina, Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, and Texas. Seven stars, therefore, were inserted originally in the field of the flag. Virginia, Tennessee, Arkansas, and North Carolina followed in quick succession, bringing the number of stars up to eleven.

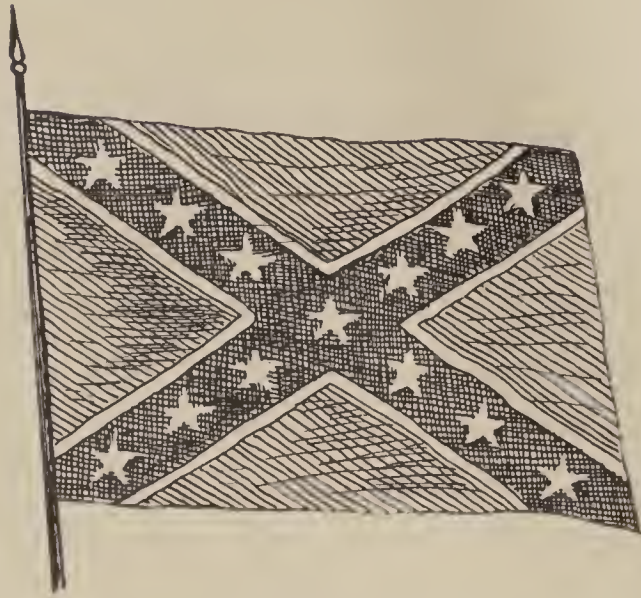


FIG. 75.

William Porcher Miles, of South Carolina, claims to have designed the Confederate battle-flag, and to have urged its adoption by the provisional congress. On the other hand, a like claim is made that the design is due to Edward C. Hancock. This flag (Fig. 75) was adopted because, at the battle of Bull Run, the "Stars and Bars" were, in the smoke of battle, several times mistaken for the old flag. This battle-flag was the southern cross saltire, in blue and white, extending across the whole flag on a red field, with thirteen stars on the cross.

The "Stars and Bars" were formally abandoned as the "National" flag of the Confederate States on May 1, 1863, presumably for the same reason that had caused the flag to be discarded as a battle-flag—that it looked too much like the Stars and Stripes. The new flag was as follows: The field to be white; the length double the width of the flag, with the union (now used as a battle-flag) to be a square of two-thirds the width of the flag, having the ground red; thereon a broad saltire of blue, bordered with white, and emblazoned with white mullets or five-pointed stars, corresponding in number to that of the Confederate States. (Fig. 76)

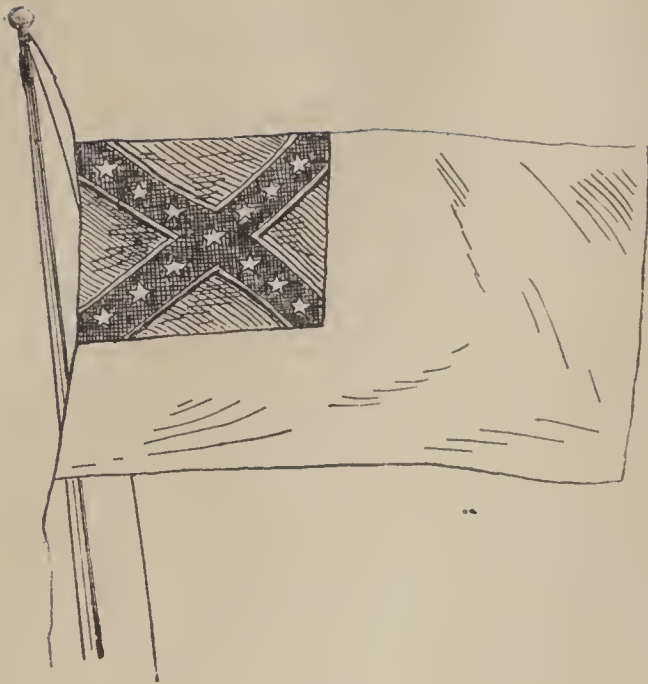


FIG. 76.

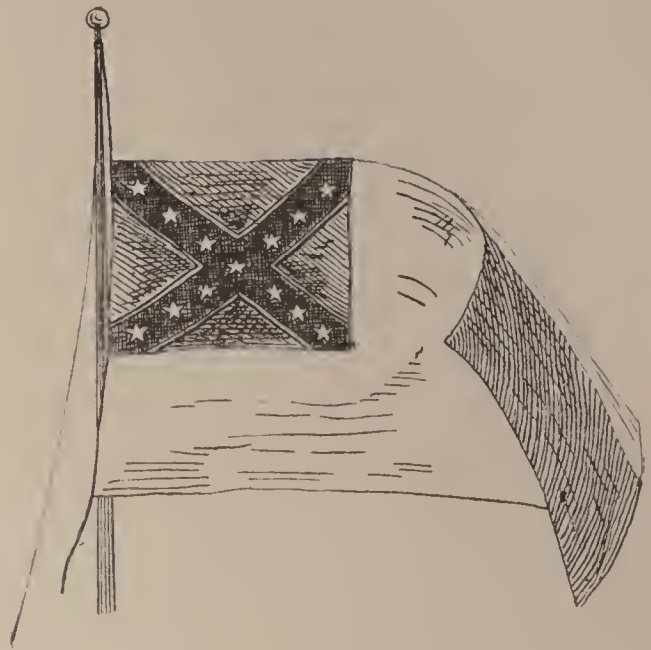


FIG. 77.

On March 4, 1865, the Confederacy again changed its flag by providing that "the flag of the Confederate States shall be as follows: The width two-thirds of its length, with the union (now used as a battle-flag) to be in width three-fifths of the width of the flag, and so proportioned as to leave the length of the field on the side of the union twice the width of the field below it; to have the ground red and a broad saltire thereon, bordered with mullets or five pointed stars; the field to be white, except the outer half from the union to be a red bar, extending the width of the flag." It was claimed that when the flag adopted May 1, 1863, fell limp around the flag-staff it looked like a flag of truce, and the bar was added to prevent such mistake.

A few plain figures taken from the war records may be of interest in this connection.

When the southern states seceded from the Union, over one-eighth of the population consisted of slaves. About 175,000 of these entered the service of the United States, and fought for

their own freedom. There were nearly 3,000,000 men engaged in the defense of the flag. Some 67,000 of these belonged to the standing army, while the great body of men were volunteers.

Of the troops in the Union army two-thirds were American born, while the greater part of the remaining third were naturalized citizens. All of these rallied unhesitatingly to the support of the flag. They found death on 2,261 fields of blood.

The number of Union men killed in battle and who died on the field was 61,362. There were 34,773 who died of wounds, 183,287 died of disease, 306 were accidentally killed, 6,749 were missing in action and never accounted for, 174,577 were honorably discharged, 224,306 were discharged for disability, and 22,281 resigned. One-half a million men lost their lives in the great Civil War.

This struggle is probably the only instance in the history of the world where a people have given their lives for so subtle and intangible an object as the maintenance of the supremacy of a written instrument—a constitution. This is by far a more unselfish devotion than that shown in the famous toast of Stephen Decatur: "Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." We, to-day, would rise to the higher sentiment: "Our country! may she, at home and abroad, be always in the right!"

1.—Page 33—*Morituri Salutamus*—This is taken from the cry of the gladiators facing death in the arena of the Colosseum at Rome:—"MORITURI, CÆSAR, TE SALUTAMUS," O, Caesar, we who are about to die, salute you.

2.—Page 43—*Pro Christo, sicut Christus*,—"For Christ, like Christ." An epitaph proposed by Victor Hugo in relation to the execution of John Brown. The great French author labored in vain in behalf of the brave old man who died for his faith in an idea.

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